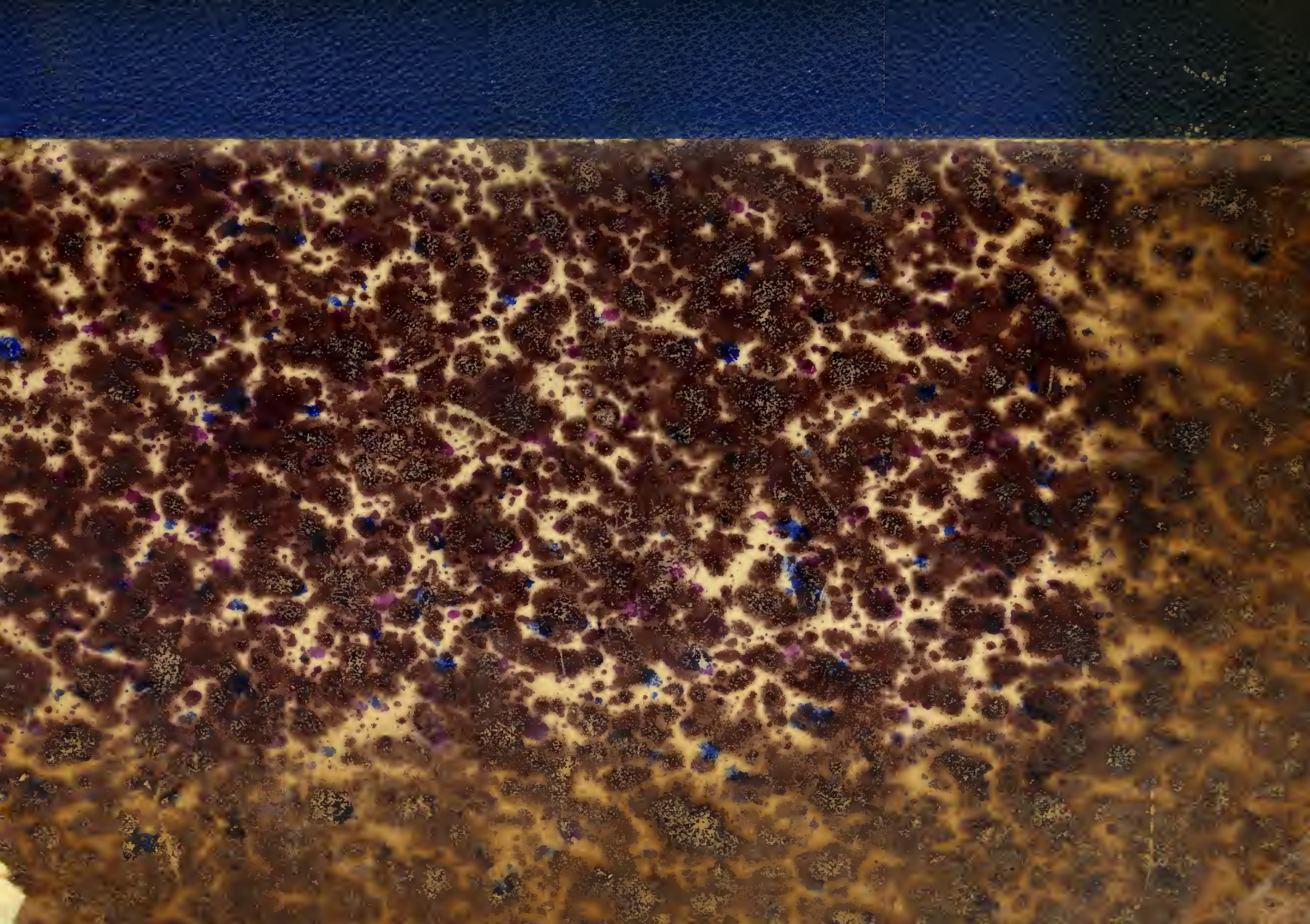

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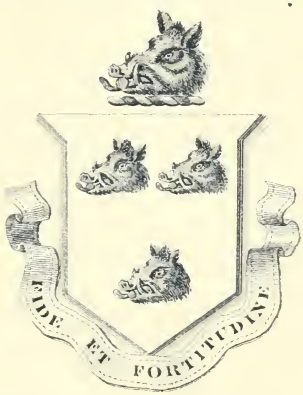

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THE MAYOR OF Quinborough: A COMEDY.

As it hath been often Acted with much Applause at *Black-Fryars*, By His Majesties Servants.

Written by THO. MIDDLETON.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1661.

160.25-1
May. 1873

GENTLEMEN,

You have the first flight of him I assure you; this Mayor *of* Quinborough *whom you have all heard of, and some of you beheld upon the Stage, now begins to walk abroad in Print; he has been known sufficiently by the reputation of his Wit, which is enough (by the way) to distinguish him from ordinary Mayors; but Wit you know, has skulk'd in Corners for many years past, and he was thought to have most of it that could best hide himself: Now whether this Magistrate fear'd the decimating times, or kept up the state of other Mayors, that are bound not to go out of their Liberties during the time of their Mayoralty, I know not; 'tis enough for me to put him into your hands, under the title of an honest man, which will appear plainly to you, because you shall find him all along to have a great picque to the Rebel* Oliver; *I am told his drollery yields to none the* English Dramma *did ever produce; and though I would not put his modesty to the blush, by speaking too much in his Commendation, yet I know you will agree with me, upon your better acquaintance with him, that there is some difference in point of Wit, betwixt the* Mayor *of* Quinborough, *and the* Mayor *of* Huntingdon.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Conſtantius.
Aurelius Ambroſius.
Uther Pendragon.
Vortiger.
Hengiſt.
Horſus.
Devonſhire, }
Stafford. } Britiſh Lords.
Gentlemen.
Symon.
Oliver.
Taylour.
Barber.
Aminadab.
Footmen.
Souldiers.
Cheaters.
Caſtiza:
Roxena.
Ladies.
Raynulph Monck of *Cheſter.*
Germanus. }
Lupus. } Moncks.
Graſiers.

The Mayor of Quinborough.

ACT. I. SCENA I.

Enter Raynulph:

Ray. WHat *Raynulph* Monck of *Cheſter* can
Raiſe from his Polycranicon
That raiſeth him as works do men
To ſee long parted light agen,
That beſt may pleaſe this round fair ring
With ſparkling Diamonds circled in,
I ſhall produce: If all my powers
Can win the grace of two poor hours,
Well apaid I go to reſt;
Ancient ſtories have been beſt,
Faſhions that are now call'd new
Have been worn by more then you;
Elder times have us'd the ſame,
Though theſe new ones get the name:
So in ſtory what now told
That takes not part with days of old?
Then to approve times mutual glory
Joyn new times love to old times ſtory. *Exit.*

Shouts within; Then Enter Vortiger.

Vor. Will that wide throated Beaſt, the multitude,
Never leave bellowing? Courtiers are ill
Adviſed when they firſt make ſuch Monſters.
How neer was I to a Scepter and a Crown?

Fair Power was even upon me, my desires
Were casting glory, till this forked Rabble
With their infectious Acclamations
Poyson'd my Fortunes for *Constantines* sons.
Well, though I rise not King, I'le seek the means
To grow as neer to one as policy can,
And choak their expectations. Now, good Lords, *Enter* Devon. *and* Stafford.
In whose kind loves and wishes I am built
As high as humane dignity can aspire,
Are yet those Truncks that have no other souls
But noise and ignorance, something more quiet?

Devon. Nor are they like to be for ought we gather,
Their wills are up still; nothing can appease them,
Good speeches are but cast away upon them.

Vor. Then, since necessity and fate withstand me,
I'le strive to enter at a straighter passage;
Your sudden aid and counsels, good my Lords.

Staff. They are ours no longer then they do you service.

Enter Constantius (*as a Monck, attended by other Moncks*) Vortiger *stays him.*

Vor. Vessels of sanctity, be pleas'd a while
To give attention to the general peace,
Wherein Heaven is serv'd too, though not so purely:
Constantius, eldest son of *Constantine*,
We here seize on thee for the general good,
And in thy right of Birth.

Con. On me! for what Lords?

Vor. The Kingdoms Government.

Con. Oh powers of Blessedness!
Keep me from growing downwards into earth again.
I hope I am further on my way then so; set forwards.

Vor. You must not.

Con. How!

Vor. I know your wisdom
Will light upon a way to pardon us
When you shall read in every Britains brow

The

The urg'd neceſſity of the times.
Con. What neceſſity can there be in the world
But prayer and repentance? and that buſineſs
I am about now.
Vor. Hark afar off ſtill,
We loſe and hazard much; holy *Germanus*,
And Reverend *Lupus*, with all expedition
Set the Crown on him.
Con. No ſuch mark of Fortune
Comes neer my head.
Vor. My Lord, we are forc'd to rule you.
Con. Dare you receive Heavens light in at your Eye-lids
And offer violence to Religion?
Take heed, the very Beam let in to comfort you
May be the fire to burn you; On theſe knees,
Hardned with zealous Prayers, I entreat you
Bring not my cares into the world again.
Think with how much unwillingneſs and anguiſh
A glorified Soul parted from the Body
Would to that loathſome Gaol again return,
With ſuch great pain a well ſubdued affection
Re-enters wordly buſineſs.
Vor. Good my Lord,
I know you cannot lodge ſo many Vertues,
But Patience muſt be one. As low as earth
We beg the freeneſs of your own conſent
Which elſe muſt be conſtrain'd; and time it were
Either agreed or forc'd. Speak good my Lord,
For you bind up more ſins in this delay
Then thouſand Prayers can abſolve again.
Con. Were't but my death, you ſhould not kneel ſo long for't.
Vor. 'Twill be the death of Millions if you riſe not,
And that betimes too: Lend your help my Lords,
For fear all come too late.
Con. This is a Cruelty
That peaceful man did never ſuffer yet
To make me dye again, that once was dead,
And begin all that ended long before.

Hold

Hold *Lupus* and *Germanus*, you are lights
Of Holineſs and Religion, can you offer
The thing that is not lawful? ſtand not I
Clear from all temporal charge by my profeſſion?
Ger. Not when a time ſo violent calls upon you,
Who is born a Prince, is born a general peace,
Not his own only; Heaven will look for him
In others actions, and will require him there.
What is in you religious muſt be ſhown
In ſaving many more Souls then your own.
Con. Did not great *Conſtantine*, our Noble Father,
Deem me unfit for Government and Rule,
And therefore prais'd me into this profeſſion?
Which I have held ſtrict, and love it above glory.
Nor is there want of me, your ſelves can witneſs
Heaven hath provided largely for your peace,
And bleſs'd you with the lives of my two Brothers,
Fix your obedience there, leave me a Servant.
All. Long live *Conſtantius*, Son of *Conſtantine*,
King of Great *Britain*.
Con. I do feel a want
And extream poverty of Joy within;
The peace I had is parted 'mongſt rude men,
To keep them quiet I have loſt it all.
What can the Kingdom gain by my undoing?
That riches is not beſt, though it be mighty,
That's purchas'd by the ruine of another;
Nor can the peace ſo filch'd ever thrive with them:
And if't be worthily held Sacriledge
To rob a Temple, 'tis no leſs offence
To raviſh meditations from the Soul
(The conſecrated Altar in a man:)
And all their hopes will be beguil'd in me,
I know no more the way to temporal Rule
Then he that's born and has his years come to him
In a rough deſart; well may the weight kill me,
And that's the faireſt good I look for from it.
Vor. Not ſo, great King, here ſtoops a faithful ſervant

Would

Would ſooner periſh under it with cheerfulneſs
Then your meek Soul ſhould feel oppreſſion
Of ruder cares; ſuch common coarſe employments
Caſt upon me your ſervant, upon *Vortiger*;
I ſee you are not made for noiſe and pains,
Clamours of Suitors, Injuries and Redreſſes,
Millions of Actions, riſing with the Sun,
Like Laws ſtill ending and yet never done,
Of power to turn a great man to the ſtate
Of his marble Monument: with over-watching,
To be oppreſs'd is not requir'd of you, my Lord,
But only to be King: the broken ſleeps
Let me take from you, Sir; the toyls and troubles,
All that is burthenous in Authority
Pleaſe you lay it on me, and what is glorious
Receive it to your own brightneſs.

Con. Worthy *Vortiger*,
If 'twere not ſin to grieve anothers patience
With what we cannot tolerate our ſelf,
How happy were I in thee and thy love?
There's nothing makes man feel his miſeries
But knowledge only; reaſon, that is plac'd
For mans director is his chief afflictor;
For though I cannot bear the weight my ſelf,
I cannot have that barrenneſs of remorſe
To ſee another groan under my burthen.

Vor. I am quite blown up a conſcionable way,
There's even a trick of murthering in ſome pity;
The death of all my hopes I ſee already:
There was no other likelihood, for Religion
Was never friend of mine yet.

Con. Holy Partners in ſtricteſt abſtinence
Cruel neceſſity hath forc'd me from you,
We part, I fear for ever, but in mind
I will be always here, here let me ſtay.

Devon. My Lord you know the times.

Con. Farewel bleſt Souls, I fear I ſhall offend, *Ex. all but Vor: Vor.*
He that draws tears from you takes your beſt friend.

Vor. Can the great motion of Ambition ſtand
Like wheels falſe wrought by an unskilful hand?
Then time ſtand thou too, let no hopes arrive
At their ſweet wiſhfulneſs, till mine ſet forwards:
Would I could ſtay the exiſtence, as I can
Thy glaſſie counterfeit in hours of ſand,
I'ld keep thee turn'd down till my wiſhes roſe,
Then wee'ld both riſe together.
What ſeveral Inclinations are in nature?
How much is he diſquieted, and wears Royalty
Diſdainfully upon him, like a Curſe,
Calls a fair Crown the weight of his afflictions!
When here's a Soul would ſink under the burthen.
Yet well recovered, I will uſe all means
To vex authority from him, and in all
Study what moſt may diſcontent his blood,
Making my Maſque my Zeal to the publick good.
Not poſſible a richer policy
Can have conception in the thought of man. *Enter two Graſiers.*

1 *Gra.* An honourable life encloſe your Lordſhip.

Vor. Now, what are you?

2 *Gra.* Graſiers if't like your Lordſhip.

Vor. So it ſhould ſeem by your Encloſures;
What's your affair with me?

1 *Gra.* We are your Petitioners,
My Lord.

Vor. For what? depart, Petitioners to me!
You have well deſerved my grace and favour, have you not a Ruler
After your own Election? hye you to Court,
Get neer and cloſe, be loud and bold enough,
You cannot chuſe but ſpeed. *Exit.*

2 *Gra.* If that will doe't
We have throats wide enough, wee'l put them to't. *Exeunt.*

Dumb ſhow. *Fortune diſcovered, in her hand a round Ball full of Lots; then enters* Hengiſt *and* Horſus, *with others; they draw Lots, and having opened them, all depart, ſave* Hengiſt *and* Horſus, *who kneel and*

and embrace; then enter Roxena, *ſeeming to take leave of* Hengiſt *in great paſſion, but more eſpecially and warily of* Horſus, *her Lover; ſhe departs one way,* Hengiſt *and* Horſus *another.*

Enter *Raynulph:*

Ray. When *Germany* was over-grown
With Sons of peace too thickly ſown,
Several guides were choſen then
By deſtin'd Lots to lead out men,
And they whom Fortune here withſtands
Muſt prove their Fates in other Lands.
On theſe two Captains fell the Lot;
But that which muſt not be forgot,
Was *Roxena*'s cunning grief,
Who from her Father like a thief,
Hid her beſt and trueſt tears
Which her luſtful Lover wears,
In many a ſtoln and wary kiſs
Unſeen of Father: Maids do this
Yet highly ſcorn to be call'd Strumpets too,
But what they lack of't I'le be judg'd by you. *Exit.*

Enter Vortiger, *Feltmonger, Button-maker, Graſier,* Petitioners.

Vor. This way his Majeſty comes.
All. Thank your good Lordſhip.
Vor. When you hear yon door open.
All. Very good my Lord.
Vor. Be ready with your ſeveral ſuits, put forward.
Graſ. That's a thing every man does naturally, Sir,
That is a Suitor, and doth mean to ſpeed.
Vor. 'Tis well you are ſo deep learn'd, take no denials.
All. No my good Lord.
Vor. Not any, if you love
The proſperity of your Suits; you marre all utterly
And overthrow your fruitful hopes for ever,

If either fifth or ſixth, nay tenth repulſe
Faſten upon your baſhfulneſs.
All. Say you ſo, my Lord?
We can be troubleſome if we liſt.
Vor. I know it,
I felt it but too late in the general ſumme
Of your ranck Brother-hood, which now I thank you for.
While this vexation is in play, I'le ſtudy
For a ſecond, then a third to that, one ſtill
To vex another, that he ſhall be glad
To yield up power, if not, it ſhall be had. *Exit.*
But. Hark, I proteſt my heart was coming upwards,
I thought the door had opened.
Graſ. Marry would it had Sir.
But. I have ſuch a treacherous heart of my own, 'twill throbb
At the very fall of a Farthingale.
Graſ. Not if it fall on the ruſhes. preſently:)
But. Yes truly if there be no light in the room I ſhall throbb
The firſt time it took me my wife was in the company,
I remember the room was not half ſo light as this,
But I'le be ſworn I was a whole hour in finding her.
Graſ. Berlady y'had a long time of throbbing of it then.
But. Still I felt men, but I could feel no women,
I thought they had been all ſunk, I have made a Vow for't,
I'le never have meeting while I live by Candle-light again.
Graſ. Yes, Sir, in Lanthorns.
But. Yes, Sir, in Lanthorns.
But I' e never truſt candle naked again.
Graſ. Hark, hark, ſtand cloſe, it opens now indeed. *Enter*
But. Oh Majeſty, what art thou! I'ld give any man Conſtan-
Half my Suit to deliver my petition; It is in the behalf tius *and*
Of Button-makers, and ſo it ſeems by my fleſh. *two Gentle-*
Con. Pray do not follow me, unleſs you do it *men.*
To wonder at my garments, there's no cauſe
I give you why you ſhould, 'tis ſhame enough
Methinks to look upon my ſelf;
It grieves me that more ſhould, the other weeds
Became me better, but the Lords are pleas'd

To

To force me to wear theſe, I would not elſe:
I pray be ſatisfied, I call'd you not.
Wonder of madneſs, can you ſtand ſo idle
And know that you muſt dye!
1 *Gent.* We are all commanded, Sir,
Beſides it is our duties to your grace
To give attendance.
Con. What a wild thing is this?
No marvel though you tremble at deaths name
When you'l not ſee the cauſe why you are fools:
For Charities ſake deſiſt here I pray you,
Make not my preſence guilty of your ſloth,
Withdraw, young men, and find you honeſt buſineſs.
2 *Gent.* What hopes have we to riſe by following him?
I'le give him over ſhortly.
1 *Gent.* He's too nice,
Too holy for young Gentlemen to follow
That have good faces, and ſweet running fortunes.
Con: Eight hours a day in ſerious contemplation
Is but a bare allowance, no higher food
To the Soul then bread and water to the body,
And that's but needful, then more would do better.
But. Let us all kneel together, 'twill move pity,
I have been at the begging of a hundred Suits.
Con. How happy am I in the ſight of you?
Here are religious ſouls that loſe not time,
With what devotion do they point at Heaven,
And ſeem to check me, that am too remiſs!
I bring my zeal among you, holy men,
If I ſee any kneel, and I ſit out,
That hour is not well ſpent; methinks, ſtrict ſouls,
You have been of ſome Order in your times?
Graſ. Graſiers and Braziers ſome, and this a Felt-maker.
But. Here's his Petition and mine, if it like your Grace.
Graſ. Look upon mine, I am the longeſt Suitor,
I was undone ſeven years ago.
Con. You have mockt my good hopes, call you theſe Petitions?
Why there's no form of Prayer among them all.

But. Yes.

But. Yes in the bottom there's half a line prays for your Ma-
If you look on mine. jesty,)

Con. Make your requests to Heaven, not to me.

But. 'Las mine's a supplication for brass buttons, Sir.

Felt. There's a great enormity in wool,
I beseech your Grace consider it.

Gra. Pastures rise 2^d an acre, what will this world come to?

But. I do beseech your Grace.

Gra. Good your Grace.

Con. Oh this is one of my afflictions
That with the Crown enclos'd me, I must bear it.

Gra. Your Graces answer to my supplication.

But. Mine my Lord.

Con. No violent storm lasts ever, that's the comfort of it.

Felt. Your Highness answer.

Gra. We are almost all undone, the Country begger'd.

But. See, see, he points at Heaven, as who should say
There's enough there; but 'tis a great way thither,
There's no good to be done, I see that already,
We may all spend our mouths like a company of Hounds
In chase of a Royal Deer, and then go home
And fall to cold mutton bones, when we have done.

Gra. My wife will hang me, that's my curriish destiny. *Exeunt.*

Con. Thanks Heaven, 'tis over now, we should never know right-
The sweetness of a calm, but for a storm. ly)
Here's a wish'd hour for contemplation now,
All's still and silent, here is a true Kingdom. *Enter* Vortiger.

Vor. My Lord.

Con. Again?

Vor. Alas this is but early
And gentle to the troups of businesses
That flock about Authority: You must forthwith
Settle your mind to marry.

Con. How, to marry?

Vor. And suddenly, there's no pause to be given,
The peoples wills are violent, and covetous
Of a succession from your Loyns.

Con. From me there can come none, a profes'd abstinence

Hath

Hath ſet a Virgin Seal upon my bloud,
And alter'd all the Courſe; the heat I have
Is all enclos'd within a zeal to vertue,
And that's not fit for earthly propagation;
Alas, I ſhall but forfeit all their hopes,
I'me a man made without deſires, tell them.
Vor. I prov'd them with ſuch words, but all were fruitleſs,
A Virgin of the higheſt Subjects bloud
They have pickt out for your embrace, and ſend her
Bleſt with their general wiſhes into fruitfulneſs. *Enter*
Lo, where ſhe comes, my Lord. Caſtiza.
Con. I never felt
Th' unhappy hand of miſery till this touch;
A patience I could find for all but this.
Caſt. My Lord, your vow'd love ventures me but dangerouſly.
Vor. 'Tis but to ſtrengthen a vexation politique.
Caſt. That's an uncharitable practice, truſt me Sir.
Vor. No more of that.
Caſt. But ſay he ſhould affect me, Sir,
How ſhould I ſcape him then? I have but one faith, my Lord,
And that you have already, our late contract is a divine witneſs to't.
Vor. I am not void of ſhifting rooms and helps
For all projects that I commit with you. *Exit.*
Caſt. This is an ungodly way to come to honour,
I do not like it, I love Lord *Vortiger*,
But not theſe practices, th'are too uncharitable.
Con. Are you a Virgin?
Caſt. Never yet, my Lord,
Known to the will of man.
Con. Oh bleſſed Creature!
And does too much felicity make you ſurfeit?
Are you in ſoul aſſur'd there is a ſtate
Prepar'd for you, for you, a glorious one,
In midſt of Heaven, now in the ſtate you ſtand in;
And had you rather, after much known miſery,
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curſe,
Throng but to the door, and hardly get a place there?
Think, hath the world a folly like this madneſs?

Keep

Keep ſtill that holy and immaculate fire,
You chaſt lump of eternity, 'tis a treaſure
Too precious for deaths moment to partake,
This twinckling of ſhort life; diſdain as much
To let mortality know you, as ſtars to kiſs the pavements, y'have a
As excellent as theirs, holding your pureneſs, ſubſtance)
They look upon corruption, as you do,
But are ſtars ſtill, be you a Virgin too.

Caſt. I'le never marry, what though my truth be engag'd
To *Vortiger*? forſaking all the world
I ſave it well, and do my faith no wrong.
Y'have mightily prevail'd, great vertuous Sir,
I am bound eternally to praiſe your goodneſs,
My thoughts henceforth ſhall be as pure from man
As ever made a Virgins name immortal.

Con. I will do that for joy I never did *As he kiſſes her,*
Nor ever will again. *Enter* Vortiger *and*

Gent. My Lord, he's taken. *Gentlemen.*

Vor. I am ſorry for't, I like not that ſo well,
Th'are ſomething too familiar for their time methinks,
This way of kiſſing is no way to vex him;
Why I, that have a weaker faith and patience,
Could endure more then that, coming from a woman.
Diſpatch, and bring his anſwer ſpeedily. *Exit.*

Gent. My Lord, my gracious Lord.

Con. Beſhrew thy heart.

Gent. They all attend your Grace.

Con. I would not have them,
'Twould pleaſe me better if they'ld all depart
And leave me to my ſelf, or put me out
And take it to themſelves.

Gent. The Noon is paſt,
Meat's on the table:

Con. Meat! away, get from me,
Thy memory is diſeas'd, what Saints Eeve's this?

Gen. Saint *Agatha's* I take it.

Con. Is it ſo?
I am not worthy to be ſerv'd before her,

And

And ſo return I pray.
Gent. He'll ſtarve the Guard
If this be ſuffer'd; If we ſet Court bellies
By a Monaſtery Clock, he that breaks a fellows pate now
Will not be able to crack a louſe within this twelve months. *Exit.*
Con. 'Tis ſure forgetfulneſs and not mans will
That leads him forth into licentious ways;
He cannot certainly commit ſuch errours,
And think upon them truly as they are acting.
Why's abſtinence ordain'd, but for ſuch ſeaſons? *Enter* Vortiger.
Vor. My Lord, y'have pleas'd to put us to much pains,
But we confeſs 'tis portion of our duty:
Will your Grace pleaſe to walk? dinner ſtays for you.
Con. I have anſwer'd that already.
Vor. But, my Lord,
We muſt not ſo yield to you, pardon me,
'Tis for the general good, you muſt be rul'd, Sir,
Your health and life is dearer to us now,
Think where you are, at Court, this is no Monaſtery.
Con. But Sir, my Conſcience keeps ſtill where it was,
I may not eat this day.
Vor. We have ſworn you ſhall,
And plentifully too, we muſt preſerve you, Sir,
Though you be wilful; 'tis no ſlight condition
To be a King.
Con. Would I were leſs then man.
Vor. Will you make the people riſe, my Lord,
In great deſpair of your continuance,
If you neglect the means that muſt ſuſtain you.
Con. I never eat on Eeves.
Vor. But now you muſt,
It concerns others healths that you take food,
I have chang'd your life, you well may change your mood.
Con. This is beyond all cruelty.
Vor. 'Tis our care my Lord. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCENA 1.

Enter Vortiger *and* Castiza.

Cast. MY Lord, I am resolv'd, tempt me no farther,
'Tis all to fruitless purpose.
Vor. Are you well?
Cast. Never so perfect in the truth of health
As at this instant.
Vor. Then I doubt my own,
Or that I am not waking.
Cast. Would you were then,
You'd praise my resolution.
Vor. This is wondrous,
Are you not mine by contract?
Cast. 'Tis most true, my Lord,
And I am better blest in't then I lookt for,
In that I am confin'd in faith so strictly;
I am bound my Lord, to marry none but you,
You'l grant me that; and you l'le never marry.
Vor. It draws me into violence and hazard,
I saw you kiss the King.
Cast. I grant you so Sir,
Where could I take my leave of the world better?
I wrong'd not you in that, you will acknowledge
A King is the best part of it.
Vor. Oh my passion!
Cast. I see you something yielding to Infirmity; Sir,
I take my leave.
Vor. Why, 'tis not possible!
Cast. The fault is in your faith, time I were gone
To give it better strengthening:
Vor. Hark you, Lady.

Cast.

Caſt. Send your intent to the next Monaſtery,
There you ſhall find my anſwer ever after,
And ſo with my laſt duty to your Lordſhip,
For whoſe proſperity I will pray as heartily
As for my own. *Exit.*

Vor. How am I ſerv'd in this? I offer a vexation to the King,
He ſends it home into my bloud with vantage.
I'le put off time no longer, I have brought him
Into moſt mens neglects, calling his zeal
A deep pride hallowed over, love of eaſe
More then devotion, or the publick benefit;
Which catcheth many mens beliefs. I am ſtronger too
In peoples wiſhes, their affections point at me.
I loſe much time and glory, that redeem'd,
She that now flyes returns with joy and wonder,
Greatneſs and womans wiſh ne're keep aſunder. *Exit.*

Dumb ſhow. *Enter two Villains, to them* Vortiger, *who ſeems to ſollicite them with gold, then ſwears them, and* Exit. *Enter* Conſtantius *meditating, they rudely ſtrike down his Book, draw their Swords, he kneels and ſpreads his arms, they kill him, hurry him off. Enter* Vortiger, Devonſhire *and* Stafford *in Conference, to them the Villains preſenting the head, he ſeems ſorrowful, and in rage ſtabbs them both. Then they crown* Vortiger, *and fetch in* Caſtiza, *who comes unwillingly, he hales her, and they crown her.* Aurelius *and* Uther *Brothers of* Conſtantius, *ſeeing him crowned, draw and fly.*

Enter *Raynulph.*

Ray. When nothing could prevail to tire
The good Kings patience, they did hire
Two wicked Rogues to take his life,
In whom a while there fell a ſtrife
Of pity and fury, but the gold
Made pity faint, and fury bold:

Then to *Vortiger* they bring
The head of that religious King,
Who feigning grief, to clear his guilt,
Makes the ſlaughterers bloud be ſpilt.
Then crown they him, and force the Maid,
That vow'd a Virgin-life, to wed.
Such a ſtrength great power extends,
It conquers Fathers, Kindred, Friends.
And ſince Fates pleas'd to change her life
She proves as holy in a Wife.
More to tell, were to betray
What deeds in their own tongues muſt ſay;
One'y this, the good King dead
The Brothers poor in ſafety fled. *Exit.*

Enter Vortiger (*Crowned*) *a Gentleman meeting him.*

Gent. My Lord.
Vor. I fear thy News will fetch a Curſe,
It comes with ſuch a violence.
Gent. The people are up
In Armes againſt you.
Vor. Oh this dream of glory!
Sweet power, before I can have time to taſte thee
Muſt I for ever loſe thee? what's the Impoſtume
That ſwells them now?
Gent. The Murther of *Conſtantius.*
Vor. Ulcers of Realms! they hated him alive,
Grew weary of the minute of his Reign,
Call'd him an evil of their own electing,
And is their ignorant zeal ſo fiery now
When all their thanks are cold? the mutable hearts
That move in their falſe breaſts! provide me ſafety,
Hark, I hear ruine threaten me with a voice *Enter a ſecond*
That imitates thunder. *Gentleman.*
2d *Gent.* Where's the King?
Vor. Who takes him?
2d *Gent.* Send peace to all your Royal thoughts, my Lord,

A Fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed
Offer the truth of all their Service to you.
Vor. Saxons! my wiſhes, let them have free entrance,
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us;
They never could come happier. Enter *Hengiſt, Horſus,*
Heng. Health, power, and victory to *Vortiger.* *Souldiers.*
Vor. There can be no more pleaſure to a King
If all the Languages earth ſpake were ranſackt.
Your names I know not, but ſo much good fortune
And warranted worth lightens your fair aſpects,
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.
Heng. The Miſtreſs of our births hope, fruitful *Germany,*
Calls me *Hengiſtus,* and this Captain *Horſus,*
A man low built, but yet in deeds of Arms
Flame is not ſwifter: we are all, my Lord,
The Sons of Fortune, ſhe has ſent us forth
To thrive by the red ſweat of our own merits:
And ſince after the rage of many a tempeſt
Our Fates have caſt us upon *Britains* bounds,
We offer you the firſt fruits of our wounds.
Vor. Which we ſhall dearly prize, the mean'ſt bloud ſpent
Shall at wealths fountain make its own content:
Heng. You double vigour in us then, my Lord,
Pay is the ſoul of ſuch as thrive by th' Sword. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vortiger *and Gentlemen.* *Alarm and Skirmiſhes.*

1 *Gent.* My Lord, theſe Saxons bring a Fortune with them
Stay any Roman ſucceſs.
Vor. On, ſpeak forwards,
I will not take one minute from thy tydings.
1 *Gent.* The main ſupporters of this Inſurrection
They have taken Priſoners, and the reſt ſo tame
They ſtoop to the leaſt grace that flows from mercy.
Vor. Never came power guided by better ſtars
Then theſe mens fortitudes, yet th'are miſ-believers,
Which to my reaſon is wonderous. *Enter* Hengiſt *and* Horſus
Y'have given me ſuch a firſt taſte of your worth *with Priſoners.*

'Twill

'Twill never from my love, when life is gone
The memory ſure will follow, my ſoul ſtill
Participating immortality with it.
But here's the miſery of earths limited glory,
There's not a way reveal'd to any honour
Above the fame which your own merits give you.
Heng. Indeed, my Lord, we hold, when all's ſumm'd up,
That can be made for worth to be expreſs'd,
The fame that a man wins himſelf is beſt,
That he may call his own; honours put to him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as ſoon ta'ne off; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds;
So mans true fame muſt ſtrike from his own deeds.
And ſince by this event which fortune ſpeaks us
This Land appears the fair predeſtin'd ſoil
Ordain'd for our good hap, we crave, my Lord,
A little earth to thrive on, what you pleaſe,
Where wee'l but keep a Nurſery of good ſpirits
To fight for you and yours.
Vor. Sir, for our Treaſure
'Tis open to your merits, as our love;
But for y'are ſtrangers in Religion chiefly,
(Which is the greateſt Alienation can be *Enter* Symon
And breeds moſt factions in the blouds of men) *with a Hide.*
I muſt not yield to that.
Heng. S'precious, my Lord,
I ſee a pattern, be it but ſo little
As yon poor Hide will compaſs.
Vor. How, the Hide!
Heng. Rather then nothing, Sir.
Vor. Since y'are ſo reaſonable,
Take ſo much in the beſt part of our Kingdom.
Heng. We thank your Grace. Rivers from bubbling ſprings
Have riſe at firſt, and great from abject things.
Stay yonder fellow, he came luckily,
And he ſhall fare well for't, what e're he be,
Wee'l thank our fortune in rewarding him.

Horſus.

Horſus. Stay, fellow.
Sym. How, fellow! 'tis more then you know
Whether I be your fellow or no, I am ſure you ſee me not.
Heng. Come, what's the price of your Hide?
Sym. Oh unreaſonable Villain!
He would buy the houſe over a mans head; I'le be ſure now
To make my bargain wiſely, they may buy me out of my skin elſe;
Whoſe Hide would you buy, mine or the Beaſts?
There is little difference in their complexions, I think mine
Is the blacker of the two; you ſhall ſee for your love, and buy for
A peſtilence on you all, how have you deceiv'd me? (your money.
You buy an Oxe hide? you buy a Calves Gather: they are all
Hungry Souldiers, and I took them for honeſt Shoomakers.
Heng. Hold fellow, prithee hold; right a fool wordling
That kicks at all good fortune. Whoſe man art thou?
Sym. I am a Servant, yet a maſterleſs man, Sir.
Heng. Prithee how can that be?
Sym. Very nimbly, Sir,
My Maſter is dead, and now I ſerve my Miſtreſs,
Ergo, I am a maſterleſs man, ſhe is now a widow,
And I am the Foreman of her Tan-pit.
Heng. Hold you, and thank your Fortune, not your wit.
Sym. Faith, and I thank your bounty and not your wiſdom,
You are not troubled with wit neither greatly, it ſeems:
Now by this light a neſt of Yellow Hammers!
What will become of me? If I can keep all theſe without hanging
My ſelf, I am happier then a hundred of my Neighbours.
You ſhall have my skin into the bargain,
Then if I chance to dye like a Dog
The labour will be ſav'd of fleaing me;
Ile undertake, Sir, you ſhall have
All the skins in our Pariſh at this price, mens and womens.
Heng. Sirrah, give good ear to me; now take the Hide
And cut it all into the ſlendreſt thongs
That can bear ſtrength to hold.
Sym. That were a jeſt y'faith,
Spoil all the Leather? ſin and pity,
Why 'twould ſhooe half your Army.

Heng.

Heng. Do it I bid you.

Sym. What, cut it all in thongs? hum,
This is like the vanity of your Roman Gallants, that cannot wear
Good Suits but they muſt have them cut and ſlaſht in giggets,
That the very crimſon Taffaties ſit bluſhing at their follies;
I would I might perſwade you from this humour of cutting,
'Tis but a ſwaggering condition and nothing profitable: what if it
Were but well pinckt? 'twould laſt longer for a ſummer ſuit.

Heng. What a croſs lump of ignorance have I lighted on?
I muſt be forc'd to beat my drift into him;
Look you, to make you wiſer then your Parents,
I have ſo much ground given me as this Hide will compaſs,
Which, as it is, is nothing.

Sym. Nothing quoth'a,
Why 'twill not keep a Hog.

Heng. Now with the vantage
Cut into ſeveral pieces 'twill ſtretch far
And make a liberal Circuit.

Sym. A ſhame on your crafty Hide
Is this your cunning? I have learnt more knavery now
Then ever I ſhall claw off while I live.
I'le go purchaſe land by Cow-tails and undo the Pariſh,
Three good Bulls pizzels would ſet up a man for ever,
This is like a pin a day to ſet up a Haberdaſher of ſmall wares.

Heng. Thus men that mean to thrive, as we muſt learn,
Set in a foot at firſt.

Sym. A foot do you call it?
The Devil is in that foot that takes up all this Leather.

Heng. Diſpatch, and cut it carefully with all the advantage, Sirra.

Sym. You could never have lighted upon ſuch a fellow
To ſerve your turn, Captain; I have ſuch a trick of ſtretching too,
I learn'd it of a Tanners man that was hang'd
Laſt Seſſions at *Maidſtone*,
I'le warrant you I'le get you a mile and a half
More then y'are aware of.

Heng. Pray ſerve me ſo as oft as you will, Sir.

Sym. I am caſting about for 9 acres to make a garden plot,
Out of one of the Buttocks.

Heng.

Heng. 'Twill be a good ſoil for Noſe-gayes.
Sym. 'Twill be a good ſoil for Cabbages to ſtuff out the guts
Of your Followers there?
Heng. Go ſee it carefully perform'd,
It is the firſt foundation of our fortunes
On *Britains* earth, and ought to be embrac'd
With a reſpect neer link'd to adoration.
Methinks it ſounds to me a fair aſſurance
Of large honours and hopes, does it not, Captain?
Horſ. How many have begun with leſs at firſt
That have had Emperours from their bodies ſprung,
And left their Carcaſſes as much in monument
As would erect a Colledge?
Heng. There's the fruits
Of their religious ſhew too, to lye rotting
Under a million ſpent in gold and marble.
Horſ. But where ſhall we make choice of our ground, Captain?
Heng. About the fruitful flanks of uberous *Kent*,
A fat and olive ſoil, there we came in;
Oh Captain, he has given he knows not what.
Horſ. Long may he give ſo.
Heng. I tell thee, Sirrah, he that begg'd a field
Of fourſcore Acres for a Garden-plot,
'Twas pretty well, but he came ſhort of this.
Horſ. Send over for more Saxons.
Heng. With all ſpeed, Captain.
Horſ. Eſpecially for *Roxena*.
Heng. Who, my Daughter?
Hor. That Star of *Germany*, forget not her, Sir,
She is a fair fortunate Maid,
Fair ſhe is, and fortunate may ſhe be,
But in Maid loſt for ever, my deſire
Has been the cloſe confuſion of that name.
A treaſure 'tis, able to make more Thieves
Then Cabinets ſet open to entice,
Which learn them theft that never knew the vice.
Heng. Come, I'le diſpatch with ſpeed.
Horſ. Do, forget none.

Heng. Marry pray help my memory.
Horſ. *Roxena* you remember?
Heng. What more dear Sir?
Horſ. I ſee your memory's clear, Sir.
Heng. Thoſe ſhouts leap'd from our Army.
Horſ. They were too cheerful
To voice a bad event.
Heng. Now, Sir, your News? *Enter a Gentleman.*
Gen. *Roxena* the fair.
Heng. True, ſhe ſhall be ſent for.
Gen. She's here, Sir.
Heng. What ſay'ſt?
Gen. She's come, Sir.
Horſ. A new youth begins me o're agen.
Gen. Followed you cloſe, Sir,
With ſuch a zeal as daughter never equal'd,
Expos'd her ſelf to all the mercileſs dangers
Set in mankind or fortune, not regarding
Ought but your ſight.
Heng. Her love is infinite to me.
Horſ. Moſt charitably cenſur'd, 'tis her cunning,
The love of her own luſt, which makes a woman
Gallop down hill as fearleſs as a Drunkard,
There's no true Loadſtone in the world but that,
It draws them through all ſtorms by Sea or ſhame,
Life's loſs is thought too ſmall to pay that game.
Gen. What follows more of her will you take ſtrongly.
Heng. How!
Gen. Nay 'tis worth your wonder.
Her heart joy raviſh'd with your late ſucceſs
Being the early morning of your fortunes,
So proſperouſly new opening at her coming,
She takes a Cup of Gold, and midſt the Army,
Teaching her knee a reverend cheerfulneſs,
Which well became her, drank a liberal health
To the Kings joys and yours, the King in preſence,
Who with her ſight, but her behaviour chiefly,
Or chief but one or both, I know not which,

But

But he's ſo far 'bove my expreſſion caught,
'Twere art enough for one mans time and portion
To ſpeak him and miſs nothing.
Heng. This is aſtoniſhing!
Horſ. Oh this ends bitter now, our cloſe hid flame
Will break out of my heart, I cannot keep it.
Heng. Gave you attention, Captain? how now man?
Horſ. A kind of grief about theſe times of the Moon ſtill,
I feel a pain like a Convulſion,
A Cramp at heart, I know not what name fits it. *Floriſh.*
Heng. Nor never ſeek one for it, let it go *Enter* Vortiger,
Without a name, would all griefs were ſerv'd ſo. Roxena, *&c.*
Horſ. A Love knot already, arm in arm!
Vor. What's he lays claim to her?
Heng. In right of Father-hood
I challenge an obedient part.
Vor. Take it, and ſend back the reſt.
Heng. What means your Grace?
Vor. You'le keep no more then what
Belongs to you?
Heng. That's all, my Lord, it all belongs to me,
I keep the husbands Intereſt till he come,
Yet out of duty and reſpect to Majeſty
I ſend her back your Servant.
Vor. My Miſtreſs, Sir, or nothing.
Heng. Come again, I never thought to hear ſo ill of thee.
Vor. How, Sir, ſo ill?
Heng. So beyond deteſtable,
To be an honeſt Vaſſal is ſome Calling,
Poor is the worſt of that, ſhame comes not to't;
But Miſtreſs that the only common bait
Fortune ſets at all hours, catching Whore with it,
And plucks them up by Cluſters. There's my ſword, my Lord,
And if your ſtrong deſires aim at my bloud
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way
Quench it in mine.
Vor. I ne're took ſword in vain,
Hengiſt, we here create thee Earl of *Kent*.

Horſ. Oh that will doe't.
Vor. What ails our friend? look to him.
Rox. Oh 'tis his Epilepſy, I know it well,
I helpt him once in *Germany*, comes it again?
A Virgins right hand ſtroak'd upon his heart
Gives him eaſe ſtraight, but it muſt be a pure Virgin,
Or elſe it brings no comfort.
Vor. What a task
She puts upon her ſelf, unurged purity!
The truth of this will bring loves rage into me.
Rox. Oh this would mad a woman, there's no proof
In love to indiſcretion.
Horſ. Piſh, this cures not.
Rox. Doſt think I'le ever wrong thee?
Horſ. Oh moſt feelingly,
But I'le prevent it now and break thy neck
With thy own cunning; thou haſt undertaken
To give me help, to bring in Royal credit
Thy crackt Virginity, but I'le ſpoil all,
I will not ſtand on purpoſe, though I could,
But fall ſtill, to diſgrace thee.
Rox. What, you will not?
Horſ. I have no other way to help my ſelf,
For when th'art known to be a whore impoſterous,
I ſhall be ſure to keep thee.
Rox. Oh, Sir, ſhame me not,
Y'have had what is moſt precious, try my faith,
Undo me not at firſt in chaſt opinion.
Horſ. All this art ſhall not make me feel my Legs.
Rox. I prithee do not wilfully confound me?
Horſ. Well I am content for this time to recover
To ſave thy credit, and bite in my pain;
But if thou ever fail'ſt me, I will fall,
And thou ſhalt never get me up again.
Rox. Agreed 'twixt you and I, Sir, ſee, my Lord,
A poor maids work, the man may paſs for health now,
Among the cleareſt blouds, and thoſe are niceſt:
Vor. I have heard of women brought men on their knees,

But

But few that e're reſtor'd them, how now Captain?
Horſ. My Lord, methinks I could do things paſt man
I'me ſo renew'd in vigour, I long moſt
For violent exerciſe to take me down,
My joy's ſo high in bloud I'me above frailty.
Vor. My Lord of *Kent*?
Heng. Your loves unworthy Creature.
Vor. Seeſt thou this fair Chain? think upon the means
To keep it link'd for ever.
Heng. Oh my Lord,
'Tis many degrees ſundred from my hope,
Beſides Your Grace has a young vertuous Queen.
Vor. I ſay think on it.
Horſ. If this wind hold I fall to my old diſeaſe:
Vor. There's no fault in thee but to come ſo late,
All elſe is excellent, I chide none but fate. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Horſus *and* Roxena.

Rox. I Have no conceit now that you ever lov'd me,
But as luſt led you for the time.
Hor. See, ſee.
Rox. Do you pine at my advancement, Sir?
Hor. Oh barrenneſs
Of underſtanding! what a right love is this?
'Tis you that fall, I that am reprehended;
What height of honours, eminence of fortune
Should raviſh me from you?
Rox. Who can tell that, Sir?
What's he can judge of a mans appetite
Before he ſees him eat? who knows the ſtrength of any's conſtancy

That

That never yet was tempted? we can call
Nothing our own, if they be deeds to come,
Th'are only ours, when they are paſs'd and done.
How bleſt are you above your apprehenſion,
If your deſire would lend you ſo much patience
T'examine the adventurous condition
Of our affections, which are full of hazard,
And draw in the times goodneſs to defend us!
Firſt, this bold courſe of ours cannot laſt long,
Nor ever does in any without ſhame,
And that, you know, brings danger; and the greater
My Father is in bloud, as he is well riſen,
The greater will the ſtorm of his rage be
Againſt his blouds wronging: I have caſt for this,
'Tis not advancement that I love alone,
'Tis love of ſhelter, to keep ſhame unknown.

Hor. Oh were I ſure of thee, as 'tis impoſſible
There to be ever ſure where there's no hold,
Your pregnant hopes ſhould not be long in riſing.

Rox. By what aſſurance have you held me thus far
Which you found firm, deſpair you not in that.

Hor. True, that was good ſecurity for the time,
But in a change of ſtate, when y'are advanc'd
You women have a French toy in your pride,
You make your friend come crouching; or perhaps,
To bow in th'hams the better, he is put
To complement three hours with your chief woman,
Then perhaps not admitted, no nor ever,
That's the more noble faſhion: forgetfulneſs
Is the moſt pleaſing vertue they can have
That do ſpring up from nothing, for by the ſame
Forgetting all they forget whence they came;
An excellent property of oblivion.

Rox. I pity all the fortunes of poor women
In my own unhappineſs, when we have given
All that we have to men, what's our requital?
An ill-fac'd jealouſie, that reſembles much
The miſtruſtfulneſs of an inſatiate thief

That

That ſcarce believes he has all, though he has ſtripp'd
The true man naked, and left nothing on him
But the hard cord that binds him: ſo are we
Firſt robb'd, and then left bound by jealouſie.
Take reaſons advice, and you'l find it impoſſible
For you to loſe me in this Kings advancement
Who's an Uſurper here, and as the Kingdom
So ſhall he have my love by uſurpation,
The right ſhall be in thee ſtill; my aſcenſion
To dignity is but to waft thee higher,
And all Uſurpers have the falling-ſickneſs,
They cannot keep up long.

Hor. May credulous man
Put all his confidence in ſo weak a Bottom
And make a ſaving Voyage?

Rox. Nay as gainful
As ever man yet made.

Hor. Go, take thy fortunes,
Aſpire with my conſent, ſo thy ambition will be ſure to proſper.
Speak the fair certainties of *Britains* Queen
Home to thy wiſhes.

Rox. Speak in hope I may
But not in certainty.

Hor. I ſay in both,
Hope and be ſure I'le ſoon remove the Lett that ſtands
Between thee and thy Glory.

Rox. Life of Love!
If loſt Virginity can win ſuch a day
I'le have no daughter but ſhall learn my way. *Exit.*

Hor. 'Twill be good work for him that firſt inſtructs them,
May be ſome Son of mine, got by this woman too,
May match with their own Siſters. Peace, 'tis he, *Enter*
Invention fail me not, 'tis a gallant credit Vortiger.
To marry ones Whore bravely.

Vor. Have I power
Of life and death, and cannot command eaſe
In my own bloud? After I was a King
I thought I never ſhould have felt pain more,

That

That there had been a ceaſing of all paſſions
And common ſtings, which Subjects uſe to feel,
That were created with a patience fit
For all extremities: But ſuch as we
Know not the way to ſuffer, then to do it
How moſt prepoſt'rous 'tis? tuſh, riddles, riddles.
I'le break through cuſtom, why ſhould not the mind,
The nobler part that's of us, be allow'd
Change of affections, as our Bodies are
Change of food and rayment? I'le have it ſo.
All faſhions appear ſtrange at firſt production,
But this would be well followed: Oh Captain!

Hor. My Lord I grieve for you, I ſcarce fetch breath
But a ſigh hangs at the end of it, but this
Is not the way, if youl'd give way to counſel.

Vor. Set me right then, or I ſhall heavily curſe thee
For lifting up my underſtanding to me
To ſhew that I was wrong; Ignorance is ſafe,
I then ſlept happily; If knowledge mend me not
Thou haſt committed a moſt cruel ſin,
To wake me into judgement and then leave me.

Hor. I will not leave you, Sir, that were rudely done,
Firſt y'have a flame too open and too violent,
Which like bloud-guiltineſs in an Offender
Betrays him, when nought elſe can: out with it, Sir,
Or let ſome cunning coverture be made
Before your practice enters, 'twill ſpoil all elſe.

Vor. Why, look you, Sir, I can be as calm as ſilence
All the while muſick plays, ſtrike on, ſweet friend,
As mild and merry as the heart of Innocence;
I prithee take my temper; has a Virgin
A heat more modeſt?

Hor. He does well to ask me,
I could have told him once; why here's a government,
There's not a ſweeter amity in friendſhip
Then in this League 'twixt you and heaſth.

Vor. Then ſince
Thou find'ſt me capable of happineſs

Inſtruct

Inſtruct me with the practice.

Hor. What will you ſay, my Lord,
If I enſnare her in an action of luſt?
Oh there were art to the life, but 'tis impoſſible,
I prithee flatter me no farther with it;
Fye, ſo much ſin as goes to make up that
Will never prevail with her: why I'le tell you, Sir,
She's ſo ſin-killing modeſt, that if only
To move the queſtion were enough Adultery
To cauſe a ſeparation, there's no Gallant
So braſſie impudent durſt undertake
The words that ſhall belong to't.

Hor. Say you ſo, Sir?
There's nothing made in the world, but has a way to't,
Though ſome be harder then the reſt to find,
Yet one there is, that's certain; and I think
I have took the courſe to light on it.

Vor. Oh I pray for't.

Hor. I heard you lately ſay (from whence, my Lord,
My practice receiv'd life firſt) that your Queen
Still conſecrates her time to Contemplation,
Takes ſolitary walks.

Vor. Nay late and early
Commands her weak Guard from her, which are but
Women at ſtrongeſt.

Hor. I like all this, my Lord,
And now, Sir, you ſhall know what net is us'd
In many places to catch modeſt women,
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts:
Now there be ſome will catch up men as faſt,
But thoſe She-Fowlers nothing concern us,
Their Birding is at Windows, ours abroad,
Where Ring-doves ſhould be caught, that's married wives,
Or chaſt Maids, what the appetite has a mind to.

Vor. Make no pauſe then.

Hor. The honeſt Gentlewoman,
When nothing will prevail (I pity her now)
Poor Soul, ſhe's entic'd forth by her own Sex

To be betray'd to man, who in ſome Garden-houſe
Or remote walk, taking his luſtful time,
Binds darkneſs on her eye-lids, ſurprizes her,
And having a Coach ready, turns her in,
Hurrying her where he liſt for the ſins ſafety,
Making a rape of honour without words,
And at the low ebb of his luſt, perhaps
Some three days after, ſends her coach'd again
To the ſame place, and, which would make moſt mad,
She's robb'd of all, yet knows not where ſhe's robb'd,
There's the dear precious miſchief.

Vor. Is this practis'd?

Hor. Too much, my Lord, to be ſo little known,
A Springe to catch a Maiden-head after Sun-ſet,
Clip it, and ſend it home again to the City,
There 'twill ne're be perceiv'd.

Vor. My raptures want expreſſion,
I conceit enough to make me fortunate, and thee great. *Exit.*

Hor. I praiſe it then, my Lord, I knew 'twould take. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCENA 2.

Enter Caſtiza (*with a Book*) *and two Ladies.*

Caſt. METhinks you live ſtrange lives! When I ſee it not
It grieves me leſs, you know how to eaſe me then;
If you but knew how well I lov'd your abſence
You would beſtow it upon me without asking.

1 *La.* Faith, for my part, were it no more for
Ceremony then for Love,
You ſhould walk long enough without my attendance,
And ſo think all my Fellows, though they ſay nothing;
Books in womens hands are as much againſt the hair, methinks,

As

As to ſee men wear ſtomachers, or night rayles ;
She that has the Green-ſickneſs and ſhould follow her counſel,
Would dye like an Aſs, and go to the worms like a ſallad ;
Not I, ſo long as ſuch a Creature as man is made,
She is a fool that knows not what he is good for. *Exeunt Ladies.*
Caſt. Though among lives elections, that of Virgin
I did ſpeak nobleſt of ; yet it has pleas'd the King
To ſend me a contented bleſſedneſs
In that of marriage, which I ever doubted; *Enter* Vortiger
I ſee the Kings affection was a true one, *and* Horſus
It laſts and holds out long, that's no mean vertue *diſguiſed.*
In a commanding man, though in great fear
At firſt I was enforc'd to venture on it.
Vor. All's happy, clear and ſafe.
Hor. The reſt comes gently on.
Vor. Be ſure you ſeize on her full ſight at firſt,
For fear of my diſcovery.
Hor. Now fortune, and I am ſped.
Caſt. Treaſon, treaſon !
Hor. Sirrah, how ſtand you ? prevent noiſe and clamour,
Or death ſhall end thy Service.
Vor. A ſure Cunning.
Caſt. Oh reſcue, reſcue.
Hor. Dead her voice, away, make ſpeed.
Caſt. No help, no ſuccour ?
Hor. Louder yet, extend
Your voice to the laſt rack, you ſhall have leave now,
Y'are far from any pity.
Caſt. What's my ſin ?
Hor. Contempt of man, and he's a noble Creature,
And takes it in ill part to be deſpis'd.
Caſt. I never deſpis'd any.
Hor: No ? you hold us
Unworthy to be lov'd, what call you that ?
Caſt. I have a Lord diſproves you.
Hor. Piſh, your Lord ?
Y'are bound to love your Lord, that is no thanks to you ;
You ſhould love thoſe you are not tyed to love,

That's the right tryal of a womans Charity:

Caſt. I know not what you are, nor what my fault is,
If it be life you ſeek, what ere you be,
Uſe no immodeſt words, and take it from me,
You kill me more in talking ſinfully
Then acting Cruelty; be ſo far pitiful
To end me without words.

Hor. Long may you live,
'Tis the wiſh of a good Subject, 'tis not life
That I thirſt after, Loyalty forbid
I ſhould commit ſuch Treaſon; you miſtake me,
I have no ſuch bloudy thought, only your love
Shall content me.

Caſt. What ſaid you, Sir?

Hor. Thus plainly,
To ſtrip my words as naked as my purpoſe,
I muſt and will enjoy thee: gone already?
Look to her, bear her up, ſhe goes apace,
I fear'd this ſtill, and therefore came provided,
There's that will fetch life from a dying ſpark
And make it ſpred a Furnace, ſhe's well ſtraight,
Piſh, let her go, ſhe ſtands upon my knowledge,
Or elſe ſhe counterfeits, I know the vertue.

Caſt. Never did ſorrows in afflicted woman
Meet with ſuch cruelties, ſuch hard hearted ways
Humane invention never found before.
To call back life to live is but ill taken
By ſome departing Soul; then to force mine back
To an eternal act of death in luſt,
What is it, but moſt execrable?

Hor. So, ſo;
But this is from my buſineſs, liſt to me,
Here you are now far from all hope of friendſhip,
Save what you make in me, ſcape me you cannot,
Send your Soul that aſſurance; that reſolv'd on,
You know not who I am, nor ever ſhall,
I need not fear you then; but give conſent,
Then with the faithfulneſs of a true friend

I'le

I'le open my ſelf to you, fall your ſervant,
As I do now in hope, proud of ſubmiſſion,
And ſeal the deed up with eternal ſecreſie,
Not death ſhall pluck it from me, much leſs the Kings
Authority or torture.
Vor. I admire him.
Caſt. Oh, Sir, what e're you are, I teach my knee
Thus to requite you, be content to take
Only my ſight, as ranſom for my honour,
And where you have but mock'd my eyes with darkneſs
Pluck them quite out; all outward lights of body
I'le ſpare moſt willingly, hut take not from me
That which muſt guide me to another world,
And leave me dark for ever, faſt without
That curſed pleaſure which will make two ſouls
Endure a famine everlaſtingly.
Hor. This almoſt moves.
Vor. By this light he'le be taken.
Hor. I'le wreſtle down all pity, what, will you conſent?
Caſt. I'le never be ſo guilty.
Hor. Farewell words then,
You hear no more of me, but thus I ſeize you.
Caſt. Oh if a power above be reverenc'd by thee,
I bind thee by that name, by manhood, nobleneſs, Vort. *ſnatches*
And all the charms of honour. *her away.*
Hor. Ah ha, here's one caught
For an example, never was poor Lady
So mock'd into falſe terrour, with what anguiſh
She lyes with her own Lord? now ſhe could curſe
All into barrenneſs, and beguil her ſelf by it:
Conceit's a powerful thing, and is indeed
Plac'd as a palate to taſte grief, or love,
And as that reliſhes ſo we approve:
Hence comes it that our taſte is ſo beguil'd,
Changing pure bloud for ſome that's mix'd and ſoil'd. *Exeunt.*

Actus

ACT. 3. SCENA 3.

Enter Hengiſt.

Heng. A Fair and fortunate Conſtellation reign'd
When we ſet foot here, for from his firſt gift
(Which to a Kings unbounded eyes ſeem'd nothing)
The Compaſs of a Hide, I have erected
A ſtrong and ſpacious Caſtle, yet contain'd my ſelf
Within my limits, without check or cenſure.
Thither, with all th'obſervance of a Subject,
The livelieſt witneſs of a grateful mind,
I purpoſe to invite him and his Queen
And feaſt them nobly.
Bar. We will enter, Sir,
'Tis a ſtate buſineſs, of a twelve moneth long,
The chuſing of a Mayor.
Heng. What noiſe is that?
Tay. Sir, we muſt ſpeak with the good Earl of *Kent*,
Though we were never brought up to keep a door,
We are as honeſt, Sir, as ſome that do. *Enter a Gentleman.*
Heng. Now, Sir, what's the occaſion of their clamours?
Gen. Pleaſe you, my Lord, a company of Towneſ-men
Are bent againſt all denials and reſiſtance
To have ſpeech with your Lordſhip, and that you
Muſt end a difference, which none elſe can do.
Heng. Why then there's reaſon in their violence,
Which I ne're look'd for: firſt let in but one, *Exit Gentleman.*
And as we reliſh him the reſt come on.
'Tis no ſafe wiſdom in a riſing man
To ſlight off ſuch as theſe, nay rather theſe
Are the foundations of a lofty work,

We

We cannot build without them, and ſtand ſure.
He that firſt aſcends to a Mountains top
Muſt begin at the foot. Now, Sir, who comes ? *Enter Gent.*

Gen. They cannot yet agree, my Lord, of that ;
They ſay 'tis worſe now then it was before,
For where the difference was but between two,
Upon this coming firſt th'are all at odds ;
One ſays he ſhall loſe his place in the Church by't,
Another will not do his wife that wrong,
And by their good wills they would all come firſt.
The ſtrife continues in moſt heat, my Lord,
Between a Country Barber and a Taylour
Of the ſame Town, and which your Lordſhip names
'Tis yielded by conſent that he ſhall enter.

Heng. Here's no ſweet quoyl, I am glad they are ſo reaſonable,
Call in the Barber, if the Tale be long
He'le cut it ſhort I truſt, that's all the hope ; *Enter Barber.*
Now, Sir, are you the Barber ?

Bar. Oh moſt barbarous !
A Corrector of enormities in hair, my Lord,
A promooter of upper lips, or what your Lordſhip,
In the neatneſs of your diſcretion, ſhall think fit to call me.

Heng. Very good, I ſee you have this without book,
But what's your buſineſs ?

Bar. Your Lordſhip comes to a very high point indeed,
The buſineſs, Sir, lyes about the head.

Heng. That's work for you.

Bar. No, my good Lord, there is a Corporation,
A Body, a kind of Body.

Heng. The Barber is out at the Body, let in the Taylour ;
This 'tis to reach beyond your own profeſſion,
When you let go your head, you loſe your memory :
You have no buſineſs with the Body.

Bar. Yes, Sir,
I am a Barber-Chirurgeon, I have had ſomething to do with it
In my time, my Lord, and I was never ſo out of the body
As I have been of late, ſend me good luck, I'le marry ſome whore
But I'le get in again.

Heng.

Heng. Now, Sir, a good diſcovery come from you.
Tay. I will rip up the Linings to your Lordſhip,
And ſhew what ſtuff 'tis made of; for the Body
Or Corporation—
Heng. There the Barber left indeed.
Tay. 'Tis piec'd up of two faſhions.
Heng. A patcht Town the whileſt.
Tay. Nor can we go through ſtitch, my noble Lord,
The choler is ſo great in the one party.
And as in linſey-woolſey wove together,
One piece makes ſeveral ſuits, ſo, upright Earl,
Our linſey-woolſey hearts make all this coyl.
Heng. What's all this now? I am ne're the wiſer yet, call in the reſt:
Now, Sirs, what are you?
Glo. Sir, reverence on your Lordſhip,
I am a Glover.
Heng. What needs that then?
Glo. Sometimes I deal in dogs leather, Sir, reverence the while.
Heng. Well, to the purpoſe, if there be any towards.
Glo. I were an Aſs elſe, ſaving your Lordſhips preſence;
We have a Body, but our Town wants a hand,
A hand of Juſtice, a worſhipful Maſter Mayor.
Heng. This is well handled yet, a man may take ſome hold
On it. You want a Mayor?
Glo. Right, but there's two at fifty cuffs about it, Sir, as I may ſay
At daggers drawing, but that I cannot ſay, becauſe they have none;
And you being Earl of *Kent*, our Town does ſay
Your Lordſhips voice ſhall part and end the fray.
Heng. This is ſtrange work for me, well Sir, what be they?
Glo. The one is a Tanner.
Heng. Fye, I ſhall be too partial,
I owe too much affection to that Trade
To put it to my voice; what is his name?
Glo. Symon.
Heng. How *Symon* too?
Glo. Nay 'tis but *Symon* one, Sir,
The very ſame *Symon* that ſold your Lordſhip a Hide.
Heng. What ſayeſt thou?

Glo.

Glo. That's all his glory, Sir, he got his Maſters
Widow by it preſently, a rich Tanners wife, ſhe has ſet him up,
He was her Fore-man a long time in her other husbands days.
Heng. Now let me periſh in my firſt aſpiring
If the pretty ſimplicity of his fortune
Do not moſt highly take me, 'tis a preſage, methinks,
Of bright ſucceeding happineſs to mine
When my Fates Glo-worm caſts forth ſuch a ſhine.
And what are thoſe that do contend with him?
Tay. Marry, my noble Lord, a Fuſtian Weaver.
Heng. How, he offer
To compare with *Symon*! he a fit match for him!
Bar. Hark, hark, my Lord, here they come both in a pelting chafe
From the Town-houſe.
Sym. How, before me? I ſcorn thee,
Thou wattle-fac'd ſing'd Pig.
Oliver. Pig? I defie thee,
My Uncle was a Jew, and ſcorn'd the motion.
Sym. I liſt not brook thy vaunts, compare with me?
Thou Spindle of Concupiſcence, 'tis well known
Thy firſt wife was a Flax-wench.
Ol. But ſuch a Flax-wench
Would I might never want at my need, nor any friend of mine,
My Neighbours knew her, thy wife was but a hempen halter to her.
Sym. Uſe better words, I'le hang thee in my year elſe,
Let who will chuſe thee afterwards.
Glo. Peace for ſhame,
Quench your great ſpirit, do not you ſee his Lordſhip?
Heng. What, Maſter *Symonides*?
Sym. Symo ides?
What a fair name hath he made of *Symon*!
Then he's an Aſs that calls me *Symon* again,
I am quite out of love with it.
Heng. Give me thy hand,
I love thy fortunes, and like a man that thrives.
Sym. I took a widow, my Lord,
To be the beſt piece of ground to thrive on,
And by my faith, my Lord, there's a young *Symonides*,

Like a green Onyon, peeping up already.
Heng. Th'hast a good lucky hand.
Sym. I have somewhat, Sir.
Heng. But why to me is this election offer'd?
The chusing of a Mayor goes by most voices.
Sym. True, Sir, but most of our Towns-men are so hoarse
With drinking, there's not a good voice among them all.
Heng. Are you content to put it to all these then?
To whom I liberally resign my Interest
To prevent censures.
Sym. I speak first, my Lord.
Ol. Though I speak last, my Lord, I am not least,
If they will cast away a Town-born Child, they may,
It is but dying some forty years before my time.
Heng. I leave you to your choice awhile. *Exit.*
All. Your good Lordship.
Sym. Look you Neighbours, before you be too hasty, let *Oliver*
The Fustian-Weaver, stand as fair as I do, and the Devil
Do him good on't.
Ol. I do, thou upstart Callymoocher, I do,
'Tis well known to the Parish I have been twice Ale-Cunner,
Thou mushrom, that shot'st up in a night,
By lying with thy Mistress.
Sym. Faith thou art such a spiny Baldrib,
All the Mistresses in the Town will never get thee up.
Ol. I scorn to rise by a woman, as thou didst,
My Wife shall rise by me.
Glo. I pray leave your Communication,
We can do nothing else.
Ol. I gave that Barber a Fustian-Suit,
And twice redeem'd his Cittern, he may remember me.
Sym. I fear no false measure but in that Taylor,
The Glover and the Button-maker are both cock-sure;
That Colliers eye I like not:
Now they consult, the matter is in brewing,
Poor *Gill* wy wife lyes longing for the news,
'Twill make her a glad Mother.
All. A *Symon*, a *Symon*.

Symon.

Sym. Good people I thank you all.
Ol. Wretch that I am,
Tanner, thou haſt curried favour.
Sym. I curry, I defie thy Fuſtian fume.
Ol. But I will prove a Rebel all thy year
And raiſe up the ſeven deadly ſins againſt thee. *Exit.*
Sym. The deadly ſins will ſcorn to riſe by thee,
If they have any breeding,
As commonly they are well brought up, 'tis not for every ſcab
To be acquainted with them; but leaving the ſcab, to you good
Neighbours now I bend my ſpeech. Firſt, to ſay more then a man
Can ſay, I hold it not fit to be ſpoken; but to ſay what a man
Ought to ſay, there I leave you alſo. I muſt confeſs your loves
Have choſen a weak and unlearned man; that I can neither write
Nor read you all can witneſs; yet not altogether ſo unlearned, but I
Can ſet my mark to a Bond, if I would be ſo ſimple; an excellent
Token of Government. Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done
You know not what, there's a full point. There you muſt all
Cough and hem. *Here they all cough and hem.*
Now touching our common adverſary the Fuſtian-Weaver,
Who threatens he will raiſe the deadly ſins among us,
Let them come, our Town is big enough to hold them,
We will not ſo much diſgrace it; beſides you know
A deadly ſin will lye in a narrow hole; but when they think
Themſelves ſafeſt, and the web of their iniquity beſt woven,
With the horſe-ſtrength of my Juſtice I will break through the
Loom of their concupiſcence, and make the Weaver go ſeek his
Shuttle. Here you may cough and hem again, if you'l do me the
Favour. *They cough and hem again.*
Why I thank you all, and it ſhall not go unrewarded.
Now for the deadly ſins, Pride, Sloth, Envy, Wrath; as for
Covetouſneſs and Gluttony, I'le tell you more when I come
Out of my Office; I ſhall have time to try what they are,
I will prove them ſoundly, and if I find Gluttony and Covetouſneſs
To be direct y ſins, I'le bury the one in the bottom of a Cheſt,
And the other in the end of my Garden. But Sirs, for Leachery,
I'le tickle that home my ſelf, I'le not leave a Whore in the Town.
Bar. Some of your Neighbours muſt ſeek their

Wives in the Country then.

Sym. Barber, be ſilent, I will
Cut thy Comb elſe. To conclude, I will learn the villany of
All Trades, my own I know already; if there be any knavery
In the Baker, I will boult it out; if in the Brewer, I will taſte him
Throughly, and piſs out his iniquity at his own ſuck-hole:
In a word, I will knock down all enormities like a Butcher,
And ſend the Hide to my fellow Tanners.

All. A *Symonides*, a true *Symonides* indeed. *Enter* Hengiſt *and* Roxena.

Heng. How now, how goes your choice?

Tay. This is he, my Lord.

Sym. To prove I am the man, I am bold to take
The upper hand of your Lordſhip:
I'le not loſe an inch of my honour.

Heng. Hold Sirs, there's ſome few Crowns to mend your feaſt,
Becauſe I like your choice.

Bar. Joy bleſs you, Sir,
We'le drink your health with Trumpets.

Sym. I with Sack-butts,
That's the more ſolemn drinking for my ſtate,
No malt this year ſhall fume into my pate. *Exit cum ſuis.*

Heng. Continue ſtill that favour in his love.

Rox. Nay with encreaſe, my Lord, the flame grows greater,
Though he has learn'd a better art of late
To ſet a skreen before it. *Enter* Vortiger *and* Horſus.

Heng. Speak lower.

Hor. Heard every word, my Lord.

Vor. Plainly?

Hor. Diſtinctly;
The courſe I took was dangerous, but not failing,
For I convey'd my ſelf behind the Hangings
Even juſt before his entrance.

Vor. 'Twas well ventur'd.

Hor. I had ſuch a womans firſt and ſecond longing in me
To hear her how ſhe would bear her mock'd abuſe
After ſhe was return'd to privacy,
I could have faſted out an Ember-week,
And never thought of hunger, to have heard her;

Then

Then came your holy *Lupus* and *Germanus*.
Vor. Two holy Confeſſors.
Hor. At whoſe firſt ſight
I could perceive her fall upon her breaſt
And cruelly afflict her ſelf with ſorrow;
I never heard a ſigh till I heard hers,
Who after her Confeſſion pitying her,
Put her into a way of patience,
Which now ſhe holds, to keep it hid from you,
There's all the pleaſure that I took in't now,
When I heard that my pains was well remembred.
So with applying comforts and relief,
They have brought it lower, to an eaſie grief.
But yet the taſte is not quite gone.
Vor. Still fortune
Sits bettering our Inventions. *Enter* Caſtiza.
Hor. Here ſhe comes.
Caſt. Yonder's my Lord, oh I'le return again,
Methinks I ſhould not dare to look on him.
Hor. She's gone again.
Vor. It works the kindlier, Sir.
Go now and call her back, ſhe winds her ſelf
Into the ſnare ſo prettily, 'tis a pleaſure
To ſet toils for her.
Caſt. He may read my ſhame
Now in my bluſh.
Vor. Come y'are ſo link'd to holineſs,
So ta'ne with contemplative deſires,
That the world has you, yet enjoys you not;
You have been weeping too.
Caſt. Not I, my Lord.
Vor. Truſt me I fear you have, y'are much to blame
To yield ſo much to paſſion without cauſe.
Is not ſome time enough for meditation?
Muſt it lay title to your health and beauty,
And draw them into times conſumption too?
'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.
My Lord of *Kent*? I prithee wake him, Captain,

He

He reads himſelf aſleep ſure.

Hor. My Lord?

Vor. Nay,
I'le take away your Book and beſtow't here.

Heng. Your pardon, Sir.

Vor. Lady, you that delight in Virgins ſtories,
And all chaſt works, here's excellent reading for you;
Make of that Book as made men do of favours,
Which they grow ſick to part from. And now, my Lord,
You that have ſo conceitedly gone beyond me,
And made ſo large uſe of a ſlender gift,
Which we ne're minded; I commend your thrift.
And that your Building may to all Ages
Carry the ſtamp and impreſs of your wit,
It ſhall be call'd *Thong-Caſtle.*

Heng. How? my Lord,
Thong-Caſtle! there your Grace quitts me kindly.

Vor. 'Tis fit Art ſhould be known by its right name,
You that can ſpread my gift, I'le ſpread your fame.

Heng. I thank your Grace for that.

Vor. And loved Lord,
So well we do accept your Invitation,
With all ſpeed we'le ſet forwards.

Heng. Your Honour loves me. *Exit.*

Actus

ACT. 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Symon *and all his Brethren, a Mace and Sword before him, meeting* Vortiger, Caſtiza, Hengiſt, Roxena, Horſus, *two Ladies.*

Sym. LO I, the Mayor of *Quinborough* by name,
With all my Brethren, ſaving one that's lame,
Are come as faſt as fiery Mill-horſe gallops
To greet thy Grace, thy Queen and her fair Trollops.
For reaſon of our coming do not look,
It muſt be done, I find it i'th' Town-book;
And yet not I my ſelf, I cannot read,
I keep a Clark to do thoſe jobbs for need.
And now expect a rare conceit before *Thong-Caſtle* ſee thee;
Reach me the thing to give the King, the other too I prithee:
Now here they be for Queen and thee, the gift all ſteel & leather;
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they come together:
To ſhew two Loves muſt joyn in one, our Town preſents by me
This gilded Scabberd to the Queen, this Dagger unto thee.
Vor. Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties,
I hate them, as I do the roots of your
Inconſtant Rabble, I have felt your fits,
Sheath up your Bounties with your Iron wits. *Exit cum ſociis.*
Sym. Look Sirs, is his back turn'd?
All. It is, it is.
Sym. Then bleſs the good Earl of *Kent*, ſay I,
I'le have this Dagger turn'd into a Pye,
And eaten up for anger every bit on't.
And when this pye ſhall be cut up by ſome rare cunning Pye-man,
They ſhall full lamentably ſing, Put up thy Dagger *Symon.* *Ex.*

Actus

ACT. 4. SCENA 2.

Enter *Hengiſt, Horſus, Vortiger, Devonſhire, Stafford, Caſtiza, Roxena, Ladies.*

Heng. A Welcome (mighty Lord) may appear coſtlier,
More full of toil and talk, ſhew and conceit,
But one more ſtor'd with thankful love and truth
I forbid all the ſons of men to boaſt of.
Vor. Why there's a Fabrick that implies eternity,
The building plain, but moſt ſubſtantial;
Methinks it looks as if it mock'd all ruine,
Saving that Maſter-piece of Conſummation,
The end of time, which muſt conſume even ruine,
And eat that into Çinders.
Heng. There's no braſs
Would paſs your praiſe, my Lord, 'twould laſt beyond it,
And ſhame our durableſt mettal.
Vor. Horſus!
Hor. My Lord!
Vor. This is the time I have choſen; here's a full meeting,
And here will I diſgrace her.
Hor. 'Twill be ſharp, my Lord.
Vor. Oh 'twill be beſt.
Hor. Why here's the Earl her Father.
Vor. I and the Lord her Uncle, that's the height of it,
Invited both on purpoſe, to riſe ſick
Full of ſhames ſurfeit.
Hor. And that's ſhrewd b'er lady,
It ever ſticks cloſe to the ribs of honour;
Great men are never found men after it,
It leaves ſome ache or other in their names ſtill,

Which

Which their posterity feels at every weather.
Vor. Mark but the least presentment of occasion,
As these times yield enough, and then mark me.
Hor. My observance is all yours, you know't, my Lord;
What careful ways some take to abuse themselves!
But as there be Assurers of mens Goods
'Gainst storms or Pirates, which gives Adventurers Courage,
So such there must be to make up mans theft,
Or there would be no woman Venturer left.
See, now they find their seats, what a false knot
Of Amity he tyes about her Arm,
Which rage must part? in marriage 'tis no wonder,
Knots knit with kisses oft are broke with thunder.
Musick? then I have done, I always learn
To give my betters place.
Vor. Where's Captain *Horsus?*
Sit, sit, we'le have a health anon to all good services.
Hor. They are poor in these days, th'had rather have the Carp
Then the health; he hears me not,
And most great men are deaf on that side.
Vor. My Lord of *Kent*, I thank you for this welcome,
It came unthought of in the sweetest Language
That ever my soul relish'd.
Heng. You are pleas'd, my Lord,
To raise my happiness for slight deservings,
To shew what power's in Princes; not in us
Ought worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.
I am chiefly sad, my Lord, your Queen's not merry.
Vor. So honour bless me, he has found the way
To my grief strangely. Is there no delight———
Cast. My Lord, I wish not any, nor is't needful,
I am as I was ever.
Vor. That's not so.
Cast. How? oh my fears!
Vor. When she writ Maid, my Lord,
You knew her otherwise.
Devon. To speak but truth,
I never knew her a great friend to mirth,

Nor taken much with any one delight,
Though there be many ſeemly and honourable
To give content to Ladies without taxing.
Vor. My Lord of *Kent*, this to thy full deſerts,
Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.
Heng. Which, like a river, ſhall return in ſervice
To the great Maſter-Fountain.
Vor. Where's your Lord?
I miſs'd him not till now; Lady, and yours?
No marvel then we were ſo out of the way
Of all pleaſant diſcourſe; they are the keys
Of humane Muſick, ſure at their Nativities
Great Nature ſign'd a general Patent to them
To take up all the mirth in a whole Kingdome.
What's their employment now?
1 *Lad.* May it pleaſe your Grace,
We never are ſo far acquainted with them,
Nothing we know but what they cannot keep,
That's even the faſhion of them all, my Lord.
Vor. It ſeems y'have great thought in their conſtancies,
And they in yours, you dare ſo truſt each other.
2 *Lad.* Hope well we do, my Lord, we have reaſon for it,
Becauſe they ſay brown men are honeſteſt,
But ſhe's a fool will ſwear for any colour.
Vor. They would for yours.
2 *Lad.* Truth 'tis a doubtful queſtion,
And I'ld be loth to put mine to't my Lord.
Vor. Faith dare you ſwear for your ſelves? that's a plain queſtion.
2 *Lad.* My Lord?
Vor. You cannot deny that with honour,
And ſince 'tis urg'd, I'le put you to't in troth.
1 *Lad.* May it pleaſe your Grace?
Vor. 'Twould pleaſe me very well,
And here's a Book, mine never goes without one,
She's an example to you all for purity;
Come ſwear (I have ſworn you ſhall) that you ne're knew
The will of any man, beſides your husbands.
2 *Lad.* I'le ſwear, my Lord, as far as my remembrance.

Vor.

Vor. How? your remembrance! that were ſtrange.
1 *Lad.* Your Grace
Hearing our juſt excuſe, will not ſay ſo.
Vor. Well, what's your juſt excuſe? y'are ne're without ſome.
1 *Lad.* I am often taken with a ſleep, my Lord,
The loudeſt thunder cannot waken me,
Not if a Cannons burthen be diſcharg'd
Cloſe by my ear; the more may be my wrong,
There can be no infirmity, my Lord, more excuſable in any woman.
2 *Lad.* And I am ſo troubled with the Mother too,
I have often call'd in help, I know not whom,
Three at once have been too weak to keep me down.
Vor. I perceive there's no faſtening: well fare one then
That never deceives faiths Anchor of her hold,
Come at all ſeaſons. Here, be thou the Star
To guide thoſe erring women, ſhew the way
Which I will make them follow: why do'ſt ſtart,
Draw back, and look ſo pale?
Caſt. My Lord?
Vor. Come hither,
Nothing but take that Oath; thou'lt take a thouſand,
A thouſand! Nay a Million, or as many
As there be Angels Regiſters of Oaths.
Why look thee, over-fearful Chaſtity,
(That ſinn'ſt in nothing but in too much niceneſs)
I'le begin firſt, and ſwear for thee my ſelf,
I know thee a perfection ſo unſtain'd,
So ſure, ſo abſolute, I will not pant on it,
But catch time greedily. By all thoſe bleſſings
That blow truth into fruitfulneſs, and thoſe curſes
That with their barren breaths blaſt perjury,
Thou art as pure as Sanctities beſt ſhrine
From all mans mixture, ſave what's lawful mine.
Caſt. Oh Heaven forgive him, he has forſworn himſelf.
Vor. Come, 'tis but going now my way:
Caſt. That's bad enough.
Vor. I have clear'd all doubts you ſee.
Caſt. Good my Lord ſpare me.

Vor. How? it grows later then ſo, for modeſties ſake
Make more ſpeed this way.
Caſt. Pardon me, my Lord,
I cannot.
Vor. What?
Caſt. I dare not.
Vor. Fail all confidence in thy weak kind for ever.
Devon. Here's a ſtorm
Able to make all of our name inhumid,
And raiſe them from their ſleeps of peace and fame
To ſet the honours of their blouds right here
Hundred years after; a perpetual motion
Has their true glory been from ſeed to ſeed,
And cannot be choakt now with a poor grain
Of duſt and earth, her Uncle and my ſelf
Wild in this tempeſt, as ever robb'd mans peace,
Will undertake upon lifes deprivation
She ſhall accept this oath.
Vor. You do but call me then
Into a world of more deſpair and horrour;
Yet ſince ſo wilfully you ſtand engag'd
In high ſcorn to be touch'd, with expedition
Perfect your undertakings with your fames,
Or by the Iſſues of abus'd belief
I'le take the forfeit of Lives, Lands, and Honours,
And make one ruine ſerve our joys and yours.
Caſt. Why here's a height of miſeries never reach'd yet,
I loſe my ſelf and others.
Devon. You may ſee
How much we lay in Ballance with your goodneſs,
And had we more, it went; for we preſume
You cannot be religious and ſo vile.
Caſt. As to forſwear my ſelf, 'tis truth, great Sir,
The honour of your Bed hath been abus'd.
Vor. Oh beyond patience!
Caſt. But give me hearing, Sir,
'Twas far from my conſent, I was ſurpriz'd
By Villaines, and ſo raught.

Vor.

Vor. Hear you that, Sirs?
Oh cunning texture to incloſe Adultery!
Mark but what ſubtile veil her ſin puts on,
Religion brings her to confeſſion firſt,
Then ſteps in Art to ſanctifie that luſt.
'Tis likely you could be ſurpriz'd.
Caſt. My Lord!
Vor. I'le hear no more, our Guard, ſeize on thoſe Lords:
Devon. We cannot periſh now too faſt, make ſpeed
To ſwift deſtruction; he breathes moſt accurſt
That lives ſo long to ſee his name dye firſt.
Hor. Here's no dear villany!
Heng. Let him intreat, Sir,
That falls in ſaddeſt grief for this event,
Which ill begins the fortune of this Building, my Lord.
Rox. What if he ſhould cauſe me to ſwear too, Captain?
You know I am as far to ſeek in honeſty
As the worſt here can be; I ſhould be ſham'd too.
Hor: Why, fool, they ſwear by that we worſhip not,
So you may ſwear your heart out, and ne're hurt your ſelf.
Rox. That was well thought on, I had quite loſt my ſelf elſe.
Vor. You ſhall prevail in noble ſuits, my Lord,
But this does ſhame the ſpeaker.
Hor. I'le ſtep in now,
Though it ſhall be to no purpoſe; good my Lord
Think on your noble and moſt hopeful Iſſue
Lord *Vortimer*, the Prince.
Vor. A Baſtard, Sir,
I would his life were in my fury now.
Caſt. That injury ſtirs my Soul to ſpeak the truth
Of his conception; here I take the Book, my Lord:
By all the glorified rewards of Virtue
And prepared puniſhments for conſents in ſin,
A Queen's hard-ſorrow ne're ſupplyed a Kingdom
With Iſſue more legitimate then *Vortimer*.
Vor. This takes not out the ſtain of preſent ſhame,
Continuance crowns deſert, ſhe ne're can go
For perfect honeſt that's not always ſo:

Beſhrew

Beſhrew thy heart for urging this excuſe,
Th'haſt juſtified her ſomewhat.
Hor. To ſmall purpoſe.
Vor. Among ſo many women not one here
Dare ſwear a ſimple Chaſtity! here's an Age
To propagate vertue in: ſince I have begun,
I'le ſhame you all together, and ſo leave you.
My Lord of *Kent*!
Heng. Your Highneſs?
Vor. That's your Daughter?
Heng. Yes my good Lord.
Vor. Though I am your Gueſt to day,
And ſhould be leſs auſtere to you or yours,
In this caſe pardon me, I may not ſpare her.
Heng. Then her own goodneſs friend her; ſhe comes my Lord.
Vor. The tender reputation of a Maid
Makes your honour, or elſe nothing can;
The oath you take is not for truth to man,
But to your own white ſoul, a mighty Taſk;
What dare you do in this?
Rox. My Lord, as much
As Chaſtity can put a woman to,
I ask no favour; and t'approve the purity
Of what my habit and my time profeſſeth,
As likewiſe to requite all courteous cenſure,
Here I take oath I am as free from man
As truth from falſhood, or ſanctity from ſtain.
Vor. Oh thou treaſure that raviſhes the poſſeſſor!
I know not where to ſpeed ſo well again,
I'le keep thee while I have thee; here's a Fountain
To ſpring forth Princes, and the ſeeds of Kingdoms. (pledges,
Away with that infection of black honour, and thoſe her leprous
Here will we ſtore ſucceſſion with true peace, *Exeunt all*
And of pure Virgins grace the poor increaſe. *but* Horſus.
Hor. Ha ha, he's well provided now, here ſtruck my fortunes.
With what an impudent confidence ſhe ſwore honeſt,
Having th'advantage of the Oath! Precious Whore.
Methinks I ſhould not hear from fortune next

Under

Under an Earldom now ; ſhe cannot ſpend
A night ſo idly, but to make a Lord
With eaſe methinks and play : the Earl of *Kent*
Is calm and ſmooth, like a deep dangerous water ;
He has ſome ſecret way, I know his bloud,
The grave's not greedier, nor Hells Lord more proud.
Something will hap ; for this aſtoniſhing choice
Strikes pale the Kingdom, at which I rejoyce. *Exit.*

Dumb ſhow. *Enter* Lupus, Germanus, Devonſhire, *and* Stafford, *leading* Vortimer, *and Crown him :* Vortiger *comes to them in paſſion, they neglect him. Enter* Roxena *in fury expreſſing diſcontent, then they lead out* Vortimer ; Roxena *gives two Villains gold to murther him, they ſwear performance and go with her :* Vortiger *offers to run on his ſword,* Horſus *prevents him, and perſwades him ; the Lords bring in* Vortimer *dead ;* Vortiger *mourns and ſubmits to them, they ſwear him, and Crown him. Then Enters* Hengiſt *with Saxons,* Vortiger *draws, threatens expulſion, and then ſends a Parley, which* Hengiſt *ſeems to grant by laying down his weapons, ſo all depart ſeverally.*

Enter *Raynulphus.*

Ray. Of Pagan bloud a Queen being choſe,
Roxena hight, the *Britains* roſe
For *Vortimer*, and crown'd him King,
But ſhe ſoon poyſon'd that ſweet Spring.
Then unto Rule they did reſtore
Vortiger, and him they ſwore
Againſt the Saxons ; they (conſtrain'd)
Begg'd Peace, Treaty, and obtain'd ;
And now in numbers equally
Upon the Plain neer *Salisbury*,
A peaceful meeting they decreen
Like men of love, no Weapon ſeen.

But *Hengiſt*, that ambitious Lord,
Full of guil, corrupts his word,
As the ſequel too well proves;
On that your eyes, on us your loves. *Exit.*

Enter Hengiſt *with Saxons.*

Heng. If we let ſlip this opportuneful hour,
Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought
Of ever fixing; we are looſe at root,
And the leaſt ſtorm may rend us from the boſom
Of this Lands hopes for ever. But, dear Saxons,
Faſten we now, and our unſhaken firmneſs
Will endure after Ages.
Sax. We are reſolv'd, my Lord.
Heng. Obſerve you not how *Vortiger* the King,
Baſe in ſubmiſſion, threatned our expulſion,
His arm held up againſt us? Is it not time
To make our beſt prevention? what ſhould check me?
He has perfected that great work in our Daughter,
And made her Queen, ſhe can aſcend no higher,
Therefore be quick, diſpatch; here, every man
Receive into the ſervice of his Vengeance
An inſtrument of Steel, which will unſeen
Lurk like a ſnake under the innocent ſhade
Of a ſpred Summer-leaf, there fly you on,
Take heart, the Commons love us, thoſe remov'd
That are the nerves, our greatneſs ſtands improv'd.
Sax. Give us the word, my Lord, and we are perfect.
Heng. That's true, the word, I loſe my ſelf. *Nemp your Sexes.*
It ſhall be that.
Sax. Enough Sir, then we ſtrike.
Heng. But the King's mine, take heed you touch him not.
Sax. We ſhall not be at leaſure, never fear it,
We ſhall have work enough of our own, my Lord. *Enter* Vortiger
Heng. Calm looks but ſtormy ſouls poſſeſs you all. *and Britiſh*
Vor. We ſee you keep your words in all points firm. *Lords.*
Heng. No longer may we boaſt of ſo much breath

As

As goes to a words making, then of care
In the preſerving of it, when 'tis made.
Vor. Y'are in a vertuous way, my Lord of *Kent*,
And ſince both ſides are met like Sons of peace,
All other arms laid by in ſigns of favour
If our conditions be embrac'd.
Heng. They are:
Vor. We'le uſe no other but theſe only here:
Heng. Nempe your Sexes:
Brit. Treaſon, treaſon!
Heng. Follow it to the heart, my truſty Saxons,
It is your liberty, your wealth and honour. Soft, you are mine, my (Lord.
Vor. Take me not baſely, when all ſence & ſtrength
Lies bound up in amazement at this treachery.
What Devil hath breath'd this everlaſting part
Of falſhood into thee?
Heng. Let it ſuffice,
I have you, and will hold you Priſoner,
As faſt as death holds your beſt props in ſilence:
We know the hard conditions of our peace,
Slavery or diminution, which we hate
With a joynt loathing: may all periſh thus
That ſeek to ſubjugate or leſſen us.
Vor. Oh the ſtrange nooks of guil or ſubtilty,
When man ſo cunningly lyes hid from man!
Who could expect ſuch treaſon from thy breaſt,
Such thunder from thy voice? or takeſt thou pride
To imitate the fair uncertainty
Of a bright day, that teemes a ſudden ſtorm,
When the world leaſt expects one? but of all
I'le ne're truſt fair skie in a man again,
There's the deceitful weather; will you heap
More guilt upon you, by detaining me,
Like a Cup taken after a ſore ſurfeit
Even in contempt of health and heaven together?
What ſeek you?
Heng. Ranſom for your Liberty
As I ſhall like of, or you ne're obtain it.

Vor. Here's a moſt headlong dangerous ambition,
Sow you the ſeeds of your aſpiring hopes
In bloud and treaſon, and muſt I pay for them?
Heng. Have not I rais'd you to this heigqt of pride?
A work of my own merit, ſince you enforce it.
Vor. There's even the general thanks of all Aſpirers,
When they have a l a Kingdom can impart,
They write above it ſtill their own deſert.
Heng. I have writ mine true, my Lord.
Vor. That's all their ſayings.
Have not I rais'd thy daughter to a Queen?
Heng. You have the harmony of your pleaſure for it,
You Crown your own deſires, what's that to me?
Vor. And what will Crown yours, Sir?
Heng. Faith things of reaſon,
I demand *Kent*.
Vor. Why y'have the Earldom of it.
Heng. The Kingdom of't I mean, without controul,
In full poſſeſſion.
Vor. This is ſtrange in you.
Heng. It ſeems y'are not acquainted with my bloud
To call this ſtrange.
Vor. Never was King of *Kent*
But who was general King.
Heng. I'le be the firſt then,
Every thing has beginning.
Vor. No leſs Title?
Heng. Not if you hope for liberty, my Lord.
So dear a happineſs would not be wrong'd with ſlighting.
Vor. Very well, take it, I reſign it.
Heng. Why I thank your Grace.
Vor. Is your great thirſt yet ſatisfied?
Heng. Faith, my Lord,
There's yet behind a pair of teeming Siſters,
Norfolk and *Suffolk*, and I have done with you.
Vor. Y'have got a dangerous thirſt of late, my Lord,
How e're you came by it.
Heng. It behoves me then

For

For my blouds health to ſeek all means to quench it.
Vor. Them too?
Heng. There will nothing be abated, I aſſure you.
Vor. You have me at advantage, he whom fate
Does captivate muſt yield to all; take them.
Heng. And you your liberty and peace, my Lord,
With our beſt love and wiſhes. Here's an hour
Begins us Saxons in wealth, fame, and power. *Exit cum ſuis.*
Vor. Are theſe the nobleſt fruits and faireſt requitals
From works of our own raiſing?
Methinks the murther of *Conſtantius*
Speaks to me in the voice of it, and the wrongs
Of our late Queen, ſlipp'd both into one Organ. *Enter* Horſus.
Ambition, hell, my own undoing, luſt,
And all the brood of Plagues conſpire againſt me.
I have not a friend left me.
Hor. My Lord, he dyes
That ſays it but your ſelf, were't that Thief-King
That has ſo boldly ſtoln his honours from you,
A treaſon that wrings tears from honeſt Man-hood.
Vor. So rich am I now in thy love and pity
I feel no loſs at all; but we muſt part,
My Queen and I to *Cambria.*
Hor. My Lord, and I not nam'd,
That have vow'd laſting ſervice to my lives extreameſt minute?
Vor. Is my ſick fate bleſt with ſo pure a friend!
Hor. My Lord, no ſpace of Earth, nor breadth of Sea
Shall divide me from you.
Vor. Oh faithful treaſure!
All my loſt happineſs is made up in thee. *Exit.*
Hor. I'le follow you through the world, to cuckold you,
That's my way now; every one has his Toy
While he lives here; ſome men delight in Building,
A trick of *Babel*, which will ne're be left;
Some in conſuming what was rais'd with toiling,
Hengiſt in getting honour, I in ſpoiling. *Exit.*

ACT. 5. SCENA 1.

Enter Symon *and his Brethren*, Aminadab *his Clerk.*

Sym. IS not that Rebel *Oliver*, that Traytor to my year,
Prehended yet?
Ami. Not yet, so please your Wo ship.
Sym. Not yet say'st thou? how durst thou say, not yet,
And see me present? thou malapert, that art good for nothing
But to write and read. Is his Loom seiz'd upon?
Ami. Yes, if it like your Worship, and 16 yards of Fustian.
Sym. Good, let a yard be sav'd to mend me between the Legs,
The rest cut in pieces and given to the poor,
'Tis Heretick Fustian, and should be burnt indeed,
But being worn thred-bare the shame will be as great,
How think you Neighbours?
Glo. Greater methinks the longer it is wore,
Where being once burnt it can be burnt no more.
Sym. True, wife and most senseless. How now, Sirra, *Enter a*
What's he approaching here in dusty pumps? *Footman.*
Ami. A Footman, Sir, to the great King of *Kent.*
Sym. The King of *Kent*? shake him by the hand for me,
Th'art welcome, Footman, loe, my Deputy shakes thee,
Come when my year is out, I'le doe't my self.
If 'twere a Dog that came from the King of *Kent*,
I keep those Officers would shake him, I trow.
And what's the News with thee, thou well stew'd Footman?
Foot. The King my Master—
Sym. Ha?
Foot. With a few Saxons,
Intends this night to make merry with you.
Sym. Merry with me? I should be sorry else, fellow,

And

And take it in ill part, ſo tell *Kents* King.
Why was I choſen, but that great men ſhould make
Merry with me? there is a jeſt indeed;
Tell him, I lookt fort't, and me much he wrongs,
If he forget *Sym* that cut out his thongs.
Foot. I'le run with your Worſhips anſwer. *Exit.*
Sym. Do I prithee;
That fellow will be roſted againſt ſupper,
He's half enough already, his Brows baſte him.
The King of *Kent*! the King of *Kirſendome*
Shall not be better welcome; for you muſt imagine now, Neighbours,
This is the time when *Kent* ſtands out of *Kirſendome*,
For he that's King here now was never kirſen'd;
This for your more Inſtruction I thought fit,
That when you are dead you may teach your Children wit.
Clerk!
Ami. At your Worſhips elbow.
Sym. I muſt turn you
From the Hall to the Kitchin to night. Give order that 12 Pigs be
Roſted yellow; 9 Geeſe, and ſome 3 Larks for piddling meat;
And twenty Woodcocks, I'le bid all my Neighbours;
Give charge the mutton come in all bloud-raw, that is Infidels meat,
The King of *Kent* is a Pagan, and muſt be ſerv'd ſo.
And let thoſe Officers that ſeldom, or never go to Church
Bring it in, 'twill be the better taken. Run, run, come you hither
Now, take all my Cuſhions down and thwack them ſoundly,
After my Feaſt of Millers; for their Buttocks
Have left a peck of flower in them, beat them carefully
Over a bolting hutch, there will be enough
For a Pan-pudding, as your Dame will handle it.
Then put freſh water into both the Bough-pots,
And burn a little Juniper in the Hall-Chimney,
Like a beaſt as I was, I piſt out the fire laſt night,
And never dreamt of the Kings coming. How now,
Returned ſo quickly?
Ami. Pleaſe your Worſhip here are
A certain Company of Players.
Sym. Ha, Players!

Amin.

Ami. Country Comedians, Interluders, Sir,
Deſire your Worſhips favour
And leave to enact in the Town-Hall.
Sym. In the Town-Hall?
'Tis ten to one I never grant them that;
Call them before my Worſhip. *Enter Cheaters.*
If my houſe will not ſerve their turn, I would fain ſee
The proudeſt he lend them a barn:
Now, Sirs, are you Comedians?
2 *Cheat.* We are Sir, Comedians, Tragedians,
Tragi-Comedians, Comi-Tragedians, Paſtoriſts,
Humoriſts, Clowniſts, Satyriſts; we have them Sir,
From the hug to the ſmile, from the ſmile to the laugh,
From the laugh to the handkerchief.
Sym. Y'are very ſtrong in the wriſt methinks;
And muſt all theſe good parts be caſt away
Upon Pedlers, and Malt-men, ha?
1 *Cheat.* For want of better company, if it pleaſe your Worſhip.
Sym. What think you of me my Maſters?
Hum; have you audacity enough
To play before ſo high a perſon as my ſelf? will not
My countenance daunt you? for if you play before me
I ſhall often look on you, I give you that warning before hand,
Take it not ill my Maſters, I ſhall laugh at you,
And truly when I am leaſt offended with you;
It is my humour, but be not you abaſh'd.
1 *Cheat.* Sir, we have plaid before a Lord e're now,
Though we be Country Actors.
Sym. A Lord? ha, ha,
Thou'lt find it a harder thing to pleaſe a Mayor.
2 *Cheat.* We have a Play wherein we uſe a horſe.
Sym. Fellows, you uſe no horſe-play in my houſe,
My rooms are rubb'd, keep it for Hackney-men.
1 *Cheat.* We'le not offer it to your Worſhip.
Sym. Give me a Play without a Beaſt, I charge you.
2 *Cheat.* That's hard, without a Cuckold or a Drunkard?
Sym. Oh thoſe Beaſts are often the beſt men in a Pariſh,
And muſt not be kept out. But which is your merrieſt play?

That

That I would hearken after.
2 *Cheat,* Your Worſhip ſhall hear
Their names, and take your Choice.
Sym. And that's plain dealing. Come begin, Sir.
2 *Cheat.* The Whirligig, the Whibble, the Carwidgen.
Sym. Hey day, what names are theſe!
2 *Cheat.* New names of late.
The Wild-gooſe Chaſe.
Sym. I underſtand thee now.
2 *Cheat,* Gull upon Gull.
Sym. Why this is ſomewhat yet.
1 *Cheat.* Woodcock of our ſide.
Sym. Get thee further off then.
2 *Cheat.* The Cheater and the Clown.
Sym. Is that come up again?
That was a Play when I was Prentice firſt.
2 *Cheat.* I, but the Cheater has learn'd more tricks of late,
And gulls the Clown with new additions.
Sym. Then is your Clown a Coxcomb, which is he?
1 *Cheat.* This is our Clown, Sir.
Sym. Fye, fye, your Company
Muſt fall upon him and beat him, he's too fair y'faith
To make the people laugh:
1 *Cheat.* Not as he may be dreſt, Sir.
Sym. Faith dreſs him how you will, I'le give him that gift
He will never look half ſcurvily enough.
Oh the Clowns that I have ſeen in my time!
The very peeping out of one of them would have made
A young heir laugh, though his Father lay a dying;
A man undone in Law the day before (the ſaddeſt caſe that can be)
Might for his 2[d] have burſt himſelf with laughing,
And ended all his miſeries. Here was a merry world, my Maſters!
Some talk of things of State, of puling ſtuff;
There's nothing in a Play to a Clown,
If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing indeed,
The King ſhews well, but he ſets off the King;
But not the King of *Kent*, I mean not ſo,
The King is one, I mean, I do not know.

2 *Cheat.* Your Worſhip ſpeaks with ſafety, like a rich man,
And for your finding fault, our hopes are greater,
Neither with him the Clown, nor me the Cheater. *Ex. Players.*

Sym. Away then, ſhift, Clown, to thy motley Crupper,
We'le ſee them firſt, the King ſhall after ſupper.

Glo. I commend your Worſhips wiſdom in that, Mr. Mayor.

Sym. Nay 'tis a point of Juſtice, if it be well examined,
Not to offer the King worſe then I'le ſee my ſelf;
For a Play may be dangerous, I have known
A Great man poyſoned in a Play.

Glo. What have you, Mr. Mayor?

Sym. But to what purpoſe many times I know not.

Felt. Methinks they ſhould deſtroy one another ſo.

Sym. Oh no no, he that's poyſoned is always made privy to it,
That's one good order they have among them. What joyful throat
Is that, *Aminadab*? what is the meaning of this cry? *A ſhout within.*

Ami. The Rebel is taken.

Sym. *Oliver* the Puritan?

Ami. *Oliver* Puritan and Fuſtian-Weaver altogether.

Sym. Fates I thank you for this victorious day,
Bonfires of peaſe-ſtraw burn, let the Bells ring.

Glo. There's two in mending, and you know they cannot.

Sym. 'Las the Tenor's broken, ring out the Treble, *Oliver is brought in.*
I am overcloy'd with joy; welcome thou Rebel.

Oli. I ſcorn thy welcome, I.

Sym. Art thou yet ſo ſtout?
Wilt thou not ſtoop for grace? then get thee out.

Oli. I was not born to ſtoop but to my Loom,
That ſeiz'd upon, my ſtooping days are done;
In plain terms, if thou haſt any thing to ſay to me,
Send me away quickly, this is no biding place,
I underſtand there are Players in thy houſe,
Diſpatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all the Brethren.

Sym. Nay now proud Rebel, I will make thee ſtay,
And to thy greater torment ſee a Play.

Oli. Oh Devil, I conjure thee by *Amſterdam*.

Sym. Our word is paſt,
Juſtice may wink a while, but ſee at laſt:

The

The Play begins, hold, ſtop him, ſtop him.
Oli. Oh that prophane trumpet! oh, oh.
Sym. Set him down there I charge you Officers.
Oli. I'le hide my ears and ſtop my eyes.
Sym. Down with his golls I charge you.
Oli. Oh tyranny, tyranny, revenge it tribulation!
For Rebels there are many deaths, but ſure the only way
To execute a Puritan is ſeeing of a Play.
Oh I ſhall ſwound!
Sym. Which if thou doſt, to ſpite thee,
A Players Boy ſhall bring thee *Aqua-vitæ.* *Enter* 1 *Cheater.*
Oli. Oh I'le not ſwound at all for't, though I dye.
Sym. Peace, here's a Raſcal, lift and edifie.
1 *Cheat.* I ſay ſtill he's an Aſs that cannot live by his wits.
Sym. What a bold Raſcal's this? he calls us all Aſſes at firſt daſh,
Sure none of us live by our wits, unleſs it be *Oliver* the Puritan.
Ol. I ſcorn as much to live by my wits as the proudeſt of you all.
Sym. Why then y'are an Aſs for company, ſo hold your prating.
2 *Cheat.* Fellow in arms, welcome, *Enter ſecond*
The News, the News? *Cheater.*
Sym. Fellow in arms, quoth he?
He may well call him fellow in arms.
I am ſure th'are both out at the Elbows.
2 *Cheat.* Be lively, my heart, be lively, the Booty is at hand,
He's but a fool of a Yeomans eldeſt Son,
He's ballanc'd on both ſides, Bully; he's going to buy houſhold-ſtuff
With one pocket, and to pay rent with the other.
1 *Cheat.* And if t is be his laſt day, my Chuck,
He ſhall forfeit his Leaſe, quoth the one pocket,
And eat his meat in wooden Platters, quoth the other.
Sym. Faith then he's not ſo wiſe as he ought to be, to let
Such Tatterdemallians get the upper hand of him. *Ent. Clown.*
1 *Cheat.* He comes.
2 *Cheat.* I, but ſmally to our comfort, with both his hands in
His pockets; how is it poſſible to pick a Lock, when the Key
Is on the inſide of the Door?
Sym. Oh neighbours here's the part now
That carries away the Play, if the Clown miſcarry,

Farewell my hopes for ever, the Play's ſpoil'd.

Clo. They ſay there is a fooliſh kind of thing cali'd a Cheater
Abroad, that will gull any Yeomans Son of his purſe,
And laugh in his face like an Iriſhman.
I would fain meet with ſome of theſe Creatures,
I am in as good ſtate to be gull'd now as ever I was in my life,
For I have two purſes at this time about me, and I would fain be
Acquainted with that Raſcal that would take one of them now.

Sym. Faith thou may'ſt be acquainted with two or three
That will do their good wills I warrant thee.

1 *Cheat.* That way's too plain, too eaſie I am afraid.

2 *Cheat.* Come, Sir, your moſt familiar Cheats take beſt,
They ſhew like natural things and leaſt ſuſpected,
Give me a round ſhilling quickly.

1 *Cheat.* It will fetch
But one of his hands neither, if it take.

2 *Cheat.* Thou art too covetous, let's have one out firſt, prithee,
There's time enough to fetch out th'other after.
Thou lieſt, 'tis lawful currant money. *They draw.*

1 *Cheat.* I ſay 'tis Copper in ſome Countries.

Clo. Here is a fray towards,
But I will hold my hands, let who will part them.

2 *Cheat.* Copper? I defie thee, and now I ſhall diſprove thee,
Look you, here's an honeſt Yeomans ſon of the Country,
A man of Judgement.

Clo. Pray you be covered, Sir,
I have Eggs in my Cap, and cannot put it off.

2 *Cheat.* Will you be tryed by him?

1 *Cheat.* I am content, Sir.

Sym. They look rather as if they would be tryed next Seſſions.

1 *Cheat.* Pray give your judgement of this piece of Coin, Sir.

Clo. Nay if it be Coin you ſtrive about,
Let me ſee it, I love money.

1 *Cheat.* Look on it well, Sir. *They pick*

2 *Cheat.* Let him do his worſt, Sir. *his pocket.*

Clo. Y'had both need wear cut clothes, y'are ſo cholerick.

2 *Cheat.* Nay rub it and ſpare not, Sir.

Clo. Now by this ſilver, Gentlemen,

It

It is good money, would I had a hundred of them.
2 *Cheat.* We hope well, Sir; th'other pocket
And we are made men. *Exeunt.*
Sym. Oh neighbours, I begin to be ſick of this fool,
To ſee him thus couzen'd, I would make his caſe my own.
Clo. Still would I meet with theſe things call'd Cheaters.
Sym. A whoreſon Coxcomb, they have met with thee,
I can no longer endure him with patience.
Clo. Oh my rent, my whole years rent!
Sym. A murrain on you,
This makes us Landlords ſtay ſo long for our money.
Clo. The Cheaters have been here.
Sym. A ſcurvey hobby-horſe,
That could not leave his money with me, having ſuch a Charge
About him; a pox on thee for an Aſs, thou play a Clown?
I will commit thee for offering it; Officers, away with him.
Glo. What means your Worſhip? why you'l ſpoil the Play, Sir.
Sym. Before the King of *Kent* ſhall be thus ſerv'd,
I'le play the Clown my ſelf, away with him.
Clo. With me? if it pleaſe your Worſhip, 'twas my part.
Sym. But 'twas a fooliſh part as ever thou plaid'ſt in thy life,
I'le make thee ſmoak for it, I'le teach thee to underſtand
To play a Clown, thou ſhalt know, every man
Is not born to it, away with him quickly, *Exit Clown.*
He'le have the other Pocket pickt elſe, I heard them ſay it
With my own ears; ſee he's come in another diſguiſe
To cheat thee again. *Enter ſecond Cheater.*
2 *Cheat.* Piſh, whither goes he now?
Sym. Come on, Sir, let us ſee what your *He throws off*
Knaveſhip can do at me now, *his Gown, diſ-*
You muſt not think you have a Clown in hand, *covering his*
The fool I have committed too, for playing the part. *doublet with*
2 *Cheat.* What's here to do? *a ſatten fore-*
Glo. Fie, good Sir come away, *part and a*
Will your Worſhip baſe your ſelf to play a Clown? *Canvas back.*
2 *Cheat.* I beſeech your Worſhip let us have our own Clown,
I know not how to go forwards elſe.
Sym. Knave, play out thy part with me,

Or I'le lay thee by the heels all the days of thy life.
Why how now, my Maſters, who is that laugh'd at me?
Cannot a man of Worſhip play the Clown a little for his pleaſure
But he muſt be laugh'd at? do you know who I am?
Is the Kings Deputy of no better account among you?
Was I choſen to be laugh'd at? where's my Clerk?

Ami. Here, if it pleaſe your Worſhip.

Sym. Take a Note of all thoſe
That laugh at me, that when I have done I may commit them.
Let me ſee who dare do it now. And now to you once again
Sir Cheater, look you, here are my purſe-ſtrings, I do defie thee.

2 *Cheat.* Good Sir, tempt me not, my part is ſo written
That I ſhould cheat your Worſhip if you were my Father.

Sym. I ſhould have much joy to have ſuch a Raſcal to my Son.

2 *Cheat.* Therefore I beſeech your Worſhip pardon me, the part
Has more Knavery in it then when your Worſhip ſaw it at firſt,
I aſſure you you'l be deceiv'd in it, Sir, the new Additions
Will take any mans purſe in *Kent* or *Kirſendome*.

Sym. If thou canſt take my purſe, I'le give it thee freely,
And do thy worſt, I charge thee; as thou'lt anſwer it.

2 *Cheat.* I ſhall offend your Worſhip.

Sym. Knave, do it quickly.

2 *Cheat.* Say you ſo? then there's for you, and here is for me:

Sym. Oh bleſs me, Neighbours, I am in a Fogg, *Throws meal*
A Cheaters Fogg, I can ſee no body. *in his face,*

Glo. Run, follow him, Officers. *takes his purſe,*

Sym. Away, let him go, *& Exit.*
He will have all your purſes, if he come back,
A pox on your new Additions, they ſpoil all the plays
That ever they come in, the old way had no ſuch roguery in it;
Calls you this a merry Comedy, when a mans eyes are put out in't?
Brother Honey-ſuckle.

Felt. What ſays your ſweet Worſhip.

Sym. I make you Deputy to rule the Town till I can ſee again,
Which will be within theſe nine days at fartheſt.
Nothing grieves me now, but that I hear *Oliver* the Rebel
Laugh at me; a pox on your Puritan face, this will make you in
Love with Plays as long as you live,

We

We ſhall not keep you from them now.
Oli. In ſincerity,
I was never better pleas'd at an exerciſe. Ha, ha, ha.
Sym. Neighbours, what colour was the duſt
The Raſcal threw in my face?
Glo. 'Twas meal, if it pleaſe your Worſhip.
Sym. Meal? I am glad of it,
I'le hang the Miller for ſelling it.
Glo. Nay ten to one
The Cheater never bought it, he ſtole it certainly.
Sym. Why then I'le hang the Cheater for ſtealing it,
And the Miller for being out of the way when he did it.
Felt: I but your Worſhip was in the fault your ſelf,
You bid him do his worſt.
Sym. His worſt? that's true,
But the Raſcal hath done his beſt; for I know not how a Villain
Could put out a mans eyes better, and leave them in his head,
As he has done mine.
Ami. Where is my Maſters Worſhip?
Sym. How now *Aminadab*? I hear thee though I ſee thee not.
Ami. You are ſure couzened, Sir, they are all profeſſed Cheaters,
They have ſtoln two ſilver ſpoons, and the Clown took his heels
With all celerity; they only take the name of Country-Comedians
To abuſe ſimple people with a printed play or two,
Which they bought at *Canterbury* for ſix pence,
And what is worſe, they ſpeak but
What they lift of it, and fribble out the reſt.
Sym. Here's no abuſe to the Common-wealth,
If a man could ſee to look into it, *Enter* Hengiſt.
But mark the Cunning of theſe cheating ſlaves,
Firſt they make Juſtice blind, then play the Knaves.
Heng. Where's Mr. Mayor?
Glo. Od's precious Brother, the King of *Kent* is newly alighted,
Sym. The King of *Kent*? where is he,
That I ſhould live to this day,
And yet not live to ſee to bid him welcome?
Heng. Where is *Symonides*, our friendly Hoſt?
Sym. Ah blind as one that had been fox'd a ſevenight.

Heng.

Heng. Why how now man?
Sym. Faith practiſing a Clowns part for your Grace
I have practis'd both my eyes out.
Heng. What need you practiſe that?
Sym. A man is never too old to learn, your Grace will ſay ſo,
When you hear the jeſt of it; the truth is, my Lord, I meant
To have been merry, and now it is my luck to weep
Water and Oatmeal; I ſhall ſee again at Supper,
I make no doubt of it. *Enter a Gentleman.*
Heng. This is ſtrange to me, Sirs.
Gent. Arm, arm, my Lord!
Heng. What's that?
Gent. With ſwifteſt ſpeed, if ever you'l behold
The Queen your Daughter alive again.
Heng. *Roxena?*
Gent. They are beſieged, *Aurelius*,
Ambroſe, and his Brother *Uther*,
With numbers infinite of Britiſh Forces,
Beſet their Caſtle, and they cannot ſcape
Without your ſpeedy ſuccour.
Heng. For her ſafety I'le forget food and reſt: away.
Sym. I hope your Worſhip will hear the jeſt e're you go.
Heng. The jeſt! torment me not.
Sym. I'le follow you to *Wales* with a Dog and a Bell
But I will tell it you.
Heng. Unſeaſonable Folly! *Exit cum ſuis.*
Sym. 'Tis ſign of war when great men diſagree;
Look to the Rebel well, till I can ſee,
And when my ſight is recover'd, I will have
His eyes pull'd out for a fortnight.
Oli. My eyes? hang thee,
A deadly ſin or two ſhall pluck them out firſt,
That is my reſolution. Ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Actus

ACT. 5. SCENA 2.

Enter Aurelius *and* Uther *with Soldiers,* (Vortiger *and* Horsus *above.*)

Uther. MY Lord, the Castle is so fortified.
Aur. Let wild-fire ruine it,
That his destruction may appear to him
In the figure of Heavens wrath at the last day,
That Murtherer of our Brother. Hence away,
I'le send my heart no peace till it be consum'd.
Uth. There he appears again, behold, my Lord.
Aur. Oh that the zealous fire on my Souls Altar,
To the high Birth of Virtue consecrated,
Would fit me with a lightning now to blast him,
Even as I look upon him.
Uth. Good my Lord,
Your anger is too noble and too precious
To waste it self on guilt so foul as his;
Let ruine work her will.
Vor. Begirt all round?
Hor. All, all, my Lord, 'tis folly to make doubt of it,
You question things that horror long ago
Resolv'd us on.
Vor. Give me leave, *Horsus*, though—
Hor. Do what you will, Sir, question them again,
I'le tell them to you.
Vor. Not so, Sir,
I will not have them told again:
Hor. It rests then.
Vor. That's an ill word put in, when thy heart knows
There is no rest at all, but torment making.

Hor.

Hor. True, my heart finds it; that ſits weeping bloud now
For poor *Roxena's* ſafety. You'l confeſs, my Lord,
My love to you has brought me to this danger?
I could have liv'd like *Hengiſt*, King of *Kent*,
London, *York*, *Lincoln*, and *Wincheſter*,
Under the power of my Command, the portion
Of my moſt juſt deſert, enjoyed now
By pettier Deſervers.
Vor. Say you ſo, Sir,
And you'l confeſs? ſince you began Confeſſion
(A thing I ſhould have died e're I had thought on)
Y'have mar'd the faſhion of your affection utterly,
In your own wicked counſel, there you paid me,
You were bound in conſcience to love me after,
You were bound to't, as men in honeſty,
That vitiate Virgins, to give Dowries to them;
My faith was pure before to a faithful woman.
Hor. My Lord, my Counſel——
Vor. Why I'le be judg'd by theſe
That knit death in their Brows, and hold me now
Not worth the acception of a flattery,
Moſt of whoſe faces ſmil'd when I ſmil'd once; my Lords:
Uth. Reply not, Brother.
Vor. Seeds of ſcorn, I mind you not,
I ſpeak to them alone whoſe force makes yours a power,
Which elſe were none. Shew me the main food of your hate,
Which cannot be the Murther of *Conſtantius*
That crawls in your Revenges; for your loves
Were violent long ſince that.
1 *Lo.* And had been ſtill,
If from that Pagan wound th'hadſt kept thee free,
But when thou ſledd'ſt from Heaven, we fled from thee.
Vor. This was your Counſel now.
Hor. Mine? 'twas the Counſel
Of your own luſt and bloud, your appetite knows it.
Vor. May thunder ſtrike me from theſe walls, my Lords,
And leave me many Leagues off from your eyes,
If this be not the man, whoſe Stygian Soul

Breath'd

Breath'd forth that counſel to me, and ſole Plotter
Of all thoſe falſe injurious diſgraces
That have abus'd the vertuous patience
Of our Religious Queen.
Hor. A Devil in madneſs!
Vor. Upon whoſe life, I ſwear, there ſticks no ſtain
But what's moſt wrongful, and where now ſhe thinks
A rape dwells on her honour, only I
Her Raviſher was, and his the Policy.
Aur. Inhumane practice!
Vor. Now you know the truth,
Will his death ſerve your fury?
Hor. My death?
Vor. Say, will it do it?
Hor. Say they ſhould ſay 'twould doe't?
Vor. Why then it muſt.
Hor. It muſt?
Vor. It ſhall, ſpeak but the word, it ſhall be yielded up.
Hor. Believe him not, he cannot do it.
Vor. Cannot?
Hor. 'Tis but a falſe and baſe Inſinuation
For his own life, and like his late ſubmiſſion.
Vor. Oh ſting to honour, alive or dead thou goeſt *Stabs him.*
For that words rudeneſs only.
1 *Lo.* See, ſin needs
No other deſtruction then it breeds in its own boſom.
Vor. Such another brings him.
Hor. What, has thy vile rage ſtamp'd a wound upon me?
I'le ſend one to thy ſoul ſhall never heal for't.
Vor. How, to my ſoul?
Hor. It ſhall be thy maſter-torment
Both for the pain and the everlaſtingneſs.
Vor. Ha, ha, ha.
Hor. Doſt laugh? take leave of it, all eternity
Shall never ſee thee do ſo much again:
Know th'art a Cuckold.
Vor. What!
Hor. You change too ſoon, Sir.

Roxena, whom th'haſt rais'd to thy own ruine,
She was my Whore in *Germany*.
Vor. Burſt me open the violence of whirl-winds:
Hor. Hear me out firſt,
For her embrace, which my fleſh yet ſits warm in,
I was thy friend and follower.
Vor. Deafen me
Thou moſt imperious noiſe that ſtarts the world!
Hor. And to ſerve both our luſts I practis'd with thee
Againſt thy vertuous Queen.
Vor. Bane to all Comforts!
Hor. Whoſe faithful ſweetneſs, too precious for thy bloud,
I made thee change for loves Hypocriſie.
Vor. Inſufferable!
Hor. Only to make my way to pleaſure fearleſs, free & fluent.
Vor. Hells Trump is in that throat.
Hor. It ſhall ſound ſhriller. *They ſtab each other.*
Vor. I'le damme it up with death firſt. Rox. *enters in fear.*
Rox. Oh for ſuccour!
Who's neer me? help me, ſave me, the flame follows me,
'Tis in the figure of young *Vortimer*, the Prince,
Whoſe life I took by poyſon.
Hor. Hold out breath and I ſhall find thee quickly.
Vor. I'le tug thy ſoul out here.
Hor. Do Monſter:
Rox. Vortiger!
Vor. Monſter!
Rox. My Lord!
Vor. Toad, Pagan.
Hor. Viper, Chriſtian.
Rox. Oh hear me,
Oh help me; my Love, my Lord, 'tis here,
Horſus look up, if not to ſuccour me,
To ſee me yet conſum'd; oh what is love
When life is not regarded?
Vor. What ſtrength's left I'le fix upon thy throat. *Both ſtab,*
Hor. I have ſome force yet. Hor. *falls.*
Rox. No way to ſcape? is this the end of glory?

Doubly

Doubly beſet with enemies wrath and fire:
It comes nearer, rivers and fountains fall,
It ſucks away my breath, I cannot give
A curſe to ſin, and hear't out while I live. Help, help. *She falls.*
Vor. Burn, burn, now I can bind thee,
Take time with her in torment, call her life
A far off to thee, dry up her ſtrumpet-bloud,
And hardly parch the skin, let one heat ſtrangle her,
Another fetch her to her ſenſe again,
And the worſt pain be only her reviving,
Follow her eternally; oh myſtical Harlot,
Thou haſt thy full due, whom luſt crown'd Queen before
Flames crown her now a moſt triumphant Whore.
And that end crowns them all. *He falls.*
Aur. Our peace is full,
In yon Uſurpers fall, nor have I known
A Judgement meet more fearfully.
Here, take this Ring, deliver the good Queen,
And thoſe grave pledges of her murthered honour,
(Her worthy Father, and her noble Uncle.)
How now! the meaning of theſe ſounds? *Enter* Hengiſt,
Heng: The Conſumer has been here, ſhe's gone, Devon. Staf.
In glowing Cinders now lye all my joys, (ſhe's loſt, *&* *Soldiers,*
The headlong Fortune of my raſh Captivity
Strikes not ſo deep a wound into my hopes
As thy dear loſs.
Aur. Her Father and her Uncle!
1 *Lo.* They are indeed, my Lord.
Aur. Part of my wiſhes,
What fortunate power has prevented me,
And e're my love came, brought them victory?
1 *Lo.* My wonder ſticks in *Hengiſt* King of *Kent.*
Devon. My Lord, to make that plain which now I ſee
Fix'd in aſtoniſhment; the only name
Of your Return and Being brought ſuch gladneſs
To this diſtracted Kingdom, that, to expreſs
A thankfulneſs to Heaven, it grew great
In charitable Actions, from which goodneſs

We taſte our liberty, who liv'd engag'd
Upon the Innocence of womans honour,
(A kindneſs that even threatned to undo us)
And having newly but enjoy'd the benefit
And fruits of our enlargement, 'twas our happineſs
To intercept this Monſter of Ambition,
Bred in theſe times of Uſurpation,
The ranckneſs of whoſe Inſolence and Treaſon
Grew to ſuch height, 'twas arm'd to bid you Battle.
Whom, as our fames Redemption, on our knees
We preſent Captive.

Aur. Had it needed reaſon
You richly came provided, I underſtood
Not your deſerts till now; my honoured Lords,
Is this that German Saxon, whoſe leaſt thirſt
Could not be ſatisfied under a Province?

Heng. Had but my fate directed this bold arm
To thy life, the whole Kingdome had been mine,
That was my hopes great aim; I have a thirſt
Could never have been full quench'd under all,
The whole muſt doe't or nothing.

Aur. A ſtrange draught!
And what a little ground ſhall death now teach you
To be content withal?

Heng. Why let it then,
For none elſe can, y'have nam'd the only way
To limit my Ambition, a full cure
For all my fading hopes and ſickly fears;
Nor ſhall it be leſs welcome to me now
Then a freſh acquiſition would have been
Unto my new built Kingdoms; Life to me,
('Leſs it be glorious) is a miſery.

Aur. That pleaſure we will do you; Lead him out,
And when we have inflicted our juſt doom
On his uſurping head, it will become
Our pious care to ſee this Realm ſecur'd
From the Convulſions it hath long endur'd. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.